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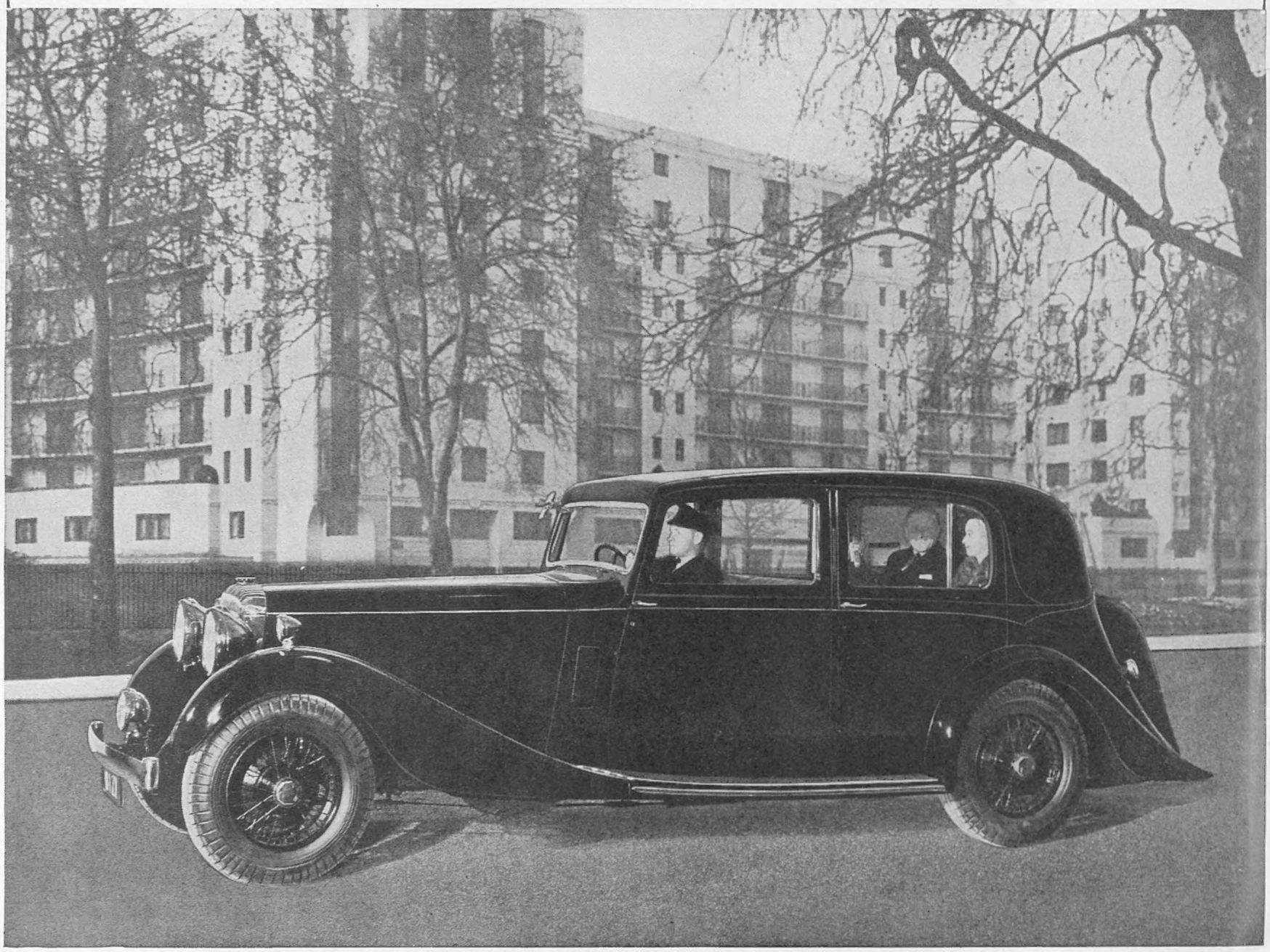

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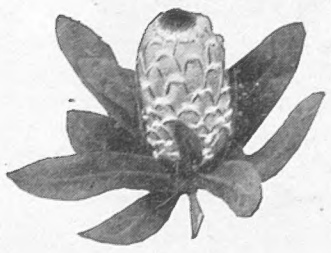

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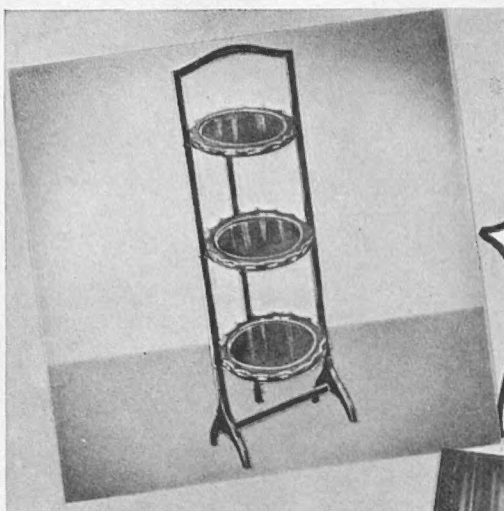

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THE SPHERE
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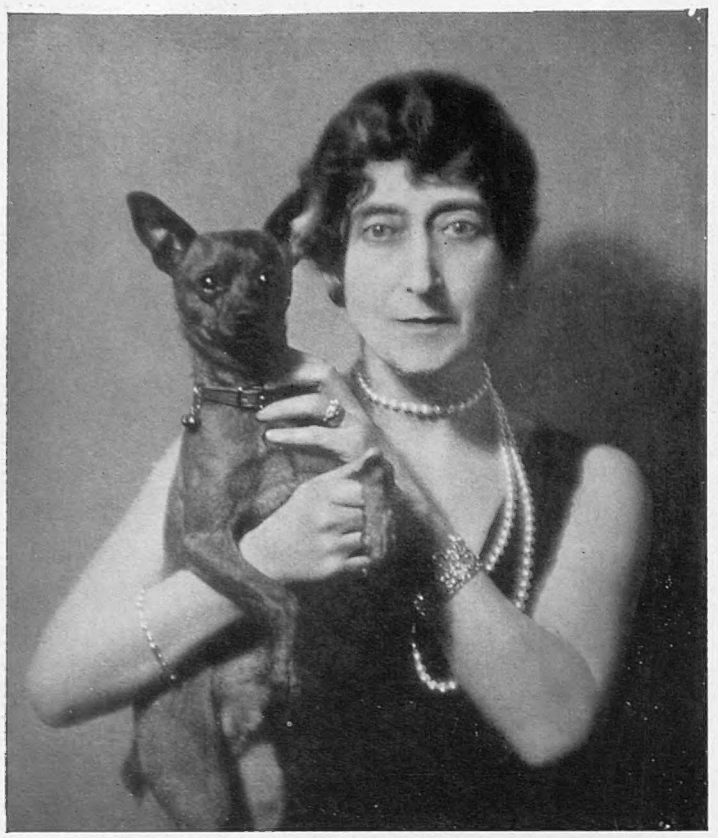
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, November 26, 1938

AN EAGLE FLIES IN A LECTURE HALL

The Great Bird Soars over the Heads of the Audience on Being Released by its Owner, Captain C. W. R. Knight

The eagle, "bird of the broad and sweeping wing," its natural habitat the mountain tops, where nothing restrains the powerful beat of its great pinions, would be difficult to find in any more incongruous setting than that depicted here. To see it soaring above the heads of the audience in a Blackheath lecture hall last week was a truly astonishing sight, but no one was unduly alarmed, for Captain C. W. R. Knight, the noted ornithologist and explorer, who was giving a talk on "Wild Life in Old World England," assured his listeners that no harm would come to them. It was the first time that Captain Knight had released an eagle in the middle of an audience. Captain Knight is regarded as one of the world's leading experts on the bird of prey, having made a lifelong study of the subject, and his dramatic film record of the golden eagle is undoubtedly a classic of its kind

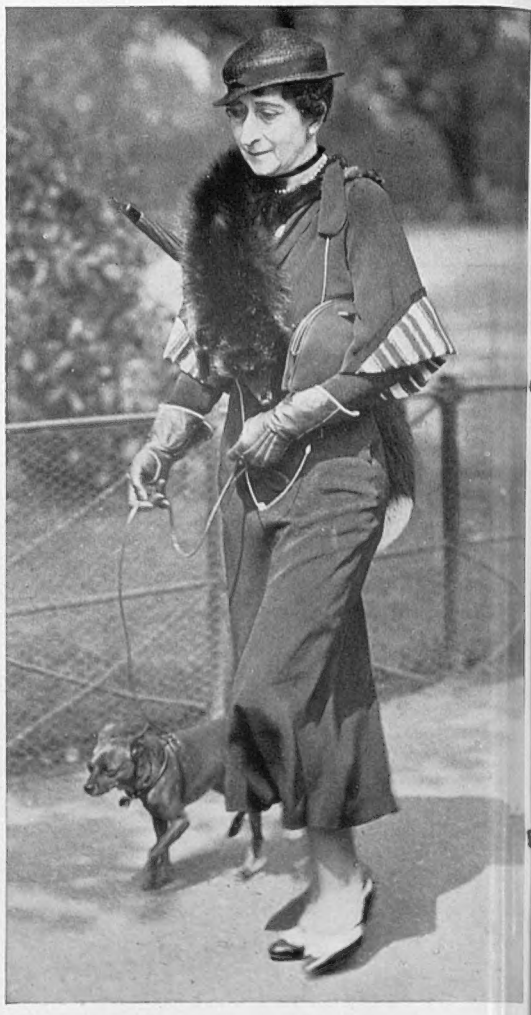
Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.



A BELOVED FIGURE: A characteristic portrait of Her Majesty the Queen of Norway who died with great suddenness last Sunday morning, her heart failing to withstand the strain of an operation from which her doctors had every reason to hope she would recover. Queen Maud was the last survivor of the children of King Edward VII and Queen Alexandra and was born at Marlborough House exactly sixty-nine years ago to-day (November 26). She married Prince Charles of Denmark in 1896, and became Queen of Norway in 1905 when Norway and Sweden were separated and her husband was elected to the newly created throne. Queen Maud died on the same day of the month as her mother

THE LATE QUEEN MAUD OF NORWAY

Just as Queen Alexandra came to England from Denmark as the bride-to-be of a British prince, thereafter identifying herself wholeheartedly with the land of her adoption, so was her third daughter, Maud, destined to leave the country of her birth and marry the Danish prince who a decade later became king of independent Norway. Thus did events turn full circle



QUEEN MAUD IN LONDON: The late Queen of Norway out for a walk in the park. She was very democratically minded and delighted to go about quite informally and unattended by any of her suite. *Above on left*—Her Majesty at an evening function

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

32-34 ST. BRIDE STREET, E.C.4

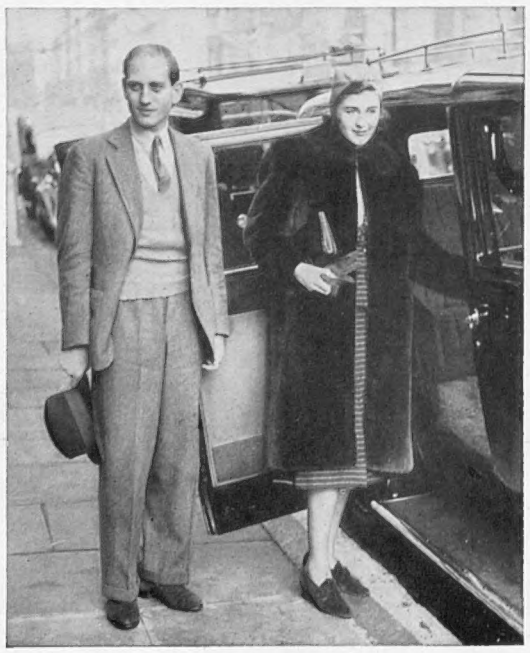
Wednesday, November 23, 1938.

KING CAROL.—Few kings have had more ups and downs of fortune and popularity than King Carol, our recent Royal visitor. There is no doubt at all that his stock has risen in spectacular fashion during the months which have passed since his postponed visit to England. He was always keen to come here and he will now look back on his visit with satisfaction. He made a good impression. There is no doubt that he is becoming an increasingly strong force in the politics of eastern Europe. He has shown qualities of courage, vision, strong character, and liberalism and has clearly thrown himself on the side of appeasement and peaceful settlement of disputes. Under his very personal rule Rumania has undoubtedly gained in stability and in national unity during the past troubled year and Britain may well be glad of his expressed confidence in British influence in European problems. Rumania's foreign policy is clearer than that of many states. She is a partner in the Balkan Entente, she has special ties with Poland. The bulk of her trade is carried on with Germany, but Great Britain is a good customer and France a sympathetic adviser on army matters. Rumania wishes to remain friends with all and to make herself strong enough to hold intact her existing frontiers. For an immense amount of work is necessary in the internal and domestic sphere. Rich as Rumania is in natural resources, imprimis, oil and cereal crops, the state of the poorer classes is pitiable and primitive to a degree unrealised in England. Health provision is 100 years behind the times. Sanitation is 200 years behind. The peasants live in the conditions of the French peasantry of 1780. Taxation and the cost of living are rising and political upheavals must be expected again. At the moment, the strongest revolutionary movement is under control—the Iron Guard has been firmly put down and the army has been greatly strengthened and is loyal. So indeed is the bulk of the country, which has come to trust in the strength and personal authority of its king, who has known so many vicissitudes of fortune and popular favour. King Carol's visit here was somewhat marred by our famous institution, the November fog. But the objects of his visit were not obscured. He came to hold out the hand of friendship, to borrow, and to trade with us, and there is reason to think his four days were not ill-spent.

A FILLIP TO FREER TRADE.—It would be waste of time for me to expatiate on the details of the Anglo-American trade agreement and the implications of various concessions made on either side. It is early days also to pronounce on it. Several hundred items of our manufactured goods on the American tariff schedule receive substantial relief while America benefits by reduced tariffs on the import to Britain of various foodstuffs and timbers. What is significant is that we could not have given America her quid pro quo except by the good will of the Dominions. It seems clear that this agreement is a real gesture towards freer trade for the world and much more than a gesture for the participants. No country *suffers* by it, no tariff is raised against any nation. On the contrary, the agreement encourages other nations to follow suit. The English-speaking nations have done something "to save Europe by their example"—economically. I shall touch next week on Raymond Swing's view of its great importance.

PENAL REFORM.—Penal reform is in the blood of Sir Samuel Hoare. Earlham, the Gurneys, Elizabeth Fry, these people and places and all that their humanity and religion stood for, are in the traditions of his upbringing. There is as much reason why Sir Samuel, by the nature of his character, should succeed in securing a broad measure of humane reform in the penal system as that he should be less successful in forcing A.R.P. on a community which is not to be compelled or conscripted. Humanity and vision are one thing, drive and a thick skin another. There is, too, something rather fine and English about the appearance of this elaborate measure of social reform and humanity at such a time, when Europe is in the clutch of force, brutality and rapine, and when every shilling and every minute at the nation's disposal are mortgaged for defence. But here it is, and we may be proud of it. The whole basis of the reforms is prevention by cure. To stamp out crime infection by segregating those in the early stages of the "disease" from those incurably imbued, hardened and irreclaimable. The abolition of "penal servitude" and "hard labour" are in fact rather changes of labels than revolutionary reforms to-day, but special attention to the ages of criminals follows from the new theory of "cure." Curative treatment in a still greater degree governs the new proposals for "mental" cases. The weak-minded or abnormal type henceforth becomes almost entirely the responsibility of the alienist and the Board of Control. He is a medical, before he is a criminal, case. For the young offender, the measures are but a concreting of practices long in force. The probation and approved school principle of dealing with young and first offenders is established and extended, and the magistrates are to have wide powers in serious cases of juvenile crime of passing sentences of Borstal training. As a magistrate, I do not greatly fear that these powers will be abused. In my experience magistrates err to-day on the side of leniency with young offenders. If there is one point in which I think humanity has gone too far in dealing with young

A DISTINGUISHED VISITOR TO LONDON: Marshal Baron Mannerheim (left), who has for long been an outstanding figure in his country, pictured with the Finnish Minister to London during his stay last week. Two decades ago he led Finland in the campaign of liberation and was afterwards Regent



THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER'S BROTHER TO WED: Lord George Scott pictured with his fiancée, Miss Molly Bishop, outside the London nursing home where the latter has been a patient. As a result of Miss Bishop's illness the wedding has had to be postponed for a short while

offenders, it is in banishing too far the pomp and majesty of the law, such as it is, in local benches. Time and again one has found that the presence of police in uniform and a good deal of parade of awe and majesty would be the best prelude to probation and the soundest method of prevention. An impressive and awe-inspiring parade and lecture is the best prelude to a humane and curative sentence. Treating convicted young criminals with nursery gentleness *in court* is a failure.

ROAD TOLL—POLITENESS PAYS.—It seems extraordinary that light should suddenly have come to a Minister of Transport after decades of experiment and expenditure in the fog. Yet so it is. Dr. Burgin has had light from Lancashire. Turn back the leaves. Pull out the dusty old files. How often has one in the past declared that one and one alone of the many nostrums suggested for preventing road crime could succeed—to quadruple for a test period on sections of our high roads trained mobile police to act as guides to conduct and checkers of misconduct. Personally, I gave up reiterating this truth at last, for fear of becoming a bore. It seems the bread cast on the waters returned after many days. It was washed up on the coast of Lancashire and a sample has now reached Dr. Burgin (tenth? of his line). By doing just this very thing, the Chief Constable of Lancashire declares he has reduced road accidents in Lancashire by 50 per cent. and on one bad section by 75 per cent. Dr. Burgin is amazed. So perhaps will be Mr. Belisha and the rest, back to Lord Mount Temple. Let us comfort ourselves with the reflection that the power of the Press is still existent and may even one day move a Minister of Transport to make a recommendation to the Home Office to send a memorandum to Chief Constables.

B.B.C. AND FOREIGN PRESS POISON.—How long will the B.B.C. be suffered to obstruct the path to appeasement with those daily, long recitals of irresponsible attacks on Britain and France culled from the heady Press of Berlin and Rome? To the average listener this dreaded section of the day's news has surely become an affliction and an intolerable bore. I cannot be alone in detesting this undesirable recital of poisoned and ill-informed partisanship, and in regretting that the B.B.C. should lend itself to the deplorable fashion of recording mud-slinging which has rendered international relations in the past years so *gamin* and so little dignified. The statesmen of democratic countries *in office* have at least tried in their utterances to maintain the ancient traditions and the dignity of diplomacy, if they have had no great co-operation from the dictators, whose personal positions depend on the service of many and diverse "loyalties." But it seems to me that the B.B.C., with very much less excuse, has gone much farther than the sensational Press in these anxious days to play the dictators' game and to keep alive this mournful feud of mud-slinging by treating with respect and authority the outpourings of irresponsible foreign publicists.

MACKINTOSH.—Mackintosh, 28th Chief of Clan Chattan, died at Moy last week at the great age of eighty-seven. Those who saw him at the Inverness games last autumn and heard his cheery promise that next year he would be as active there as ever, heard of his sudden death with a special shock. He had recovered so wonderfully from his accident, thanks solely to his pluck and cheerfulness. He was for decades the most regular patron of the Meetings, indeed he *was* the Meetings, and he was Citizen No. 1 of the County of Inverness, in which he was so long the King's representative. In good years King George V was often a visitor at Moy early in the grouse-shooting season, and the finest shots forgathered there. The late King and the late Lord Lovat were probably the best and quickest at that form of shooting, but Mackintosh in his day was a fine shot. In bumper years the bags at Moy were famous, though that area (what with tick and other troubles) has been too long in the doldrums; indeed since 1922. In 1901 nearly 1,000 brace were killed in one day on Moy, and 2,000 brace in three days' shooting was not unique. Few people realise, reading these records, how very small is the area of the Moy Moors. The estate in Inverness-shire is upwards of 100,000 acres, but barely a tenth of that is represented by the moors from which these bags were made. Mackintosh and Mrs. Mackintosh, who was a Welsh heiress, divided their year principally between Moy and Glamorganshire, and he was for a time Master of the Glamorgan Hounds. He had property also in and round Cardiff, and wherever he was, he was always immensely busy with public work and business. His only son, Angus, died, ultimately of war wounds, in Canada, soon after his marriage to Lady Maud Cavendish. Their daughter, Arbell, is the ultimate successor to some unentailed properties, but Mackintosh leaves no male heir in the direct line and the chieftainship will go to a distant connection.

A TOAST TO THE SOVEREIGN FREE STATE OF LATVIA: M. Karlis Zarine, Latvian Minister to the Court of St. James's, pictured with his wife and daughter and the wife and daughter of the Military Attaché as they celebrated the twentieth anniversary of the independence of their country. A picture taken in the Legation on November 18 when the Minister held an At Home for all the leading members of the Latvian colony in London

AMERICA'S TRIBUTE TO BRITISH NAVAL MEN: Officers of the Royal Navy leaving the American Embassy in London after receiving medals from Mr. Joseph Kennedy, the U.S. Ambassador, for their services and co-operation in assisting with the recovery of the survivors of the American gunboat *Panay* when that vessel was bombed and sunk by Japanese aeroplanes in December of last year. Right to left—Mr. Christopher Holt, who received the Distinguished Service Medal on behalf of his father, Rear-Admiral Holt—now serving as Senior Naval Officer, Yangtse; Lieut.-Comdr. Harry Douglas Barlow, who received the Navy Cross; Captain George Eric Maxia O'Donnell, who received the Distinguished Service Medal; and Vice-Admiral Lewis Crabbe, who also received the Navy Cross

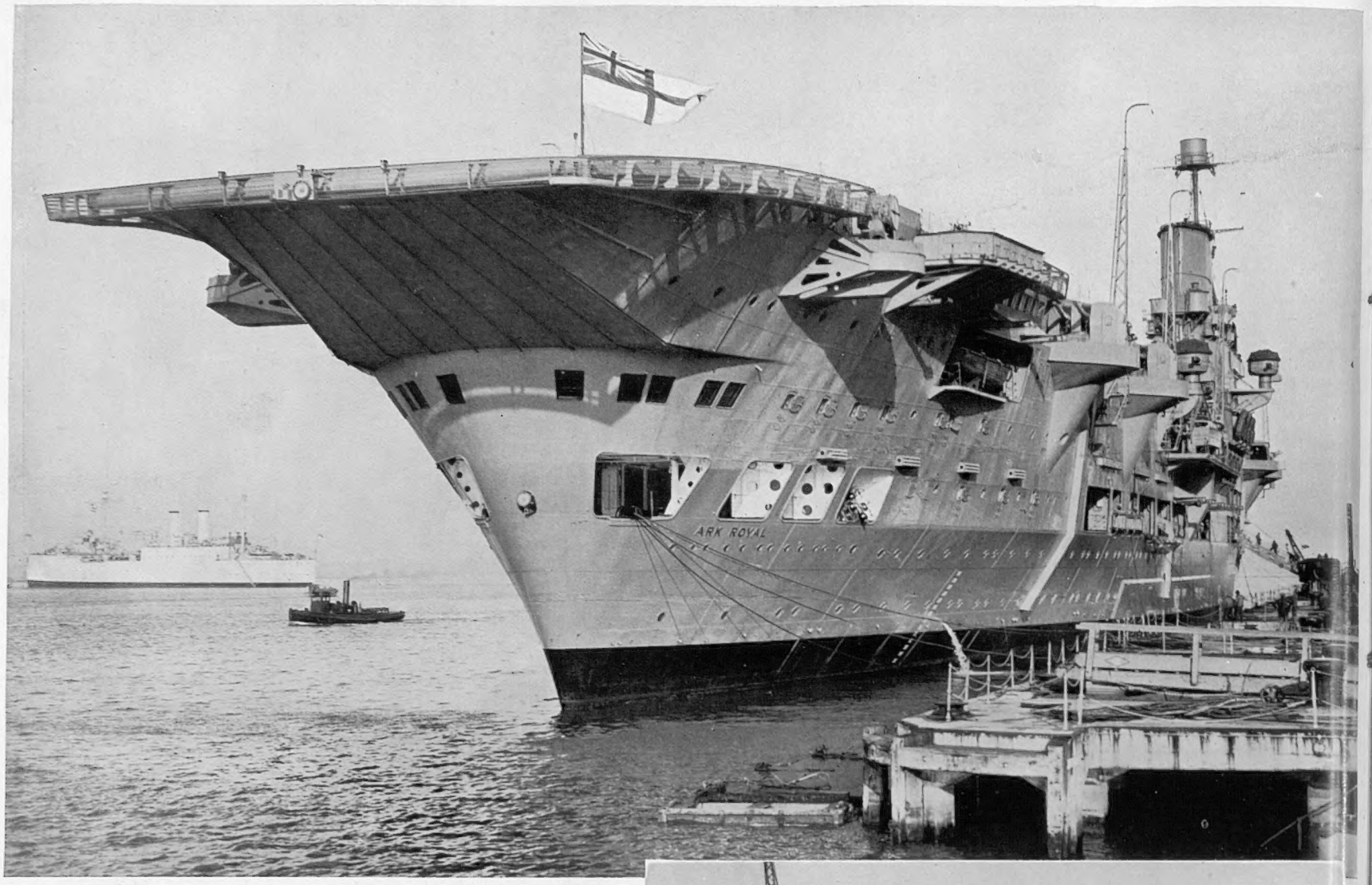
THE FUHRER'S IDEAL ARYAN: Miss Unity Mitford, daughter of Lord Redesdale and close friend of Chancellor Hitler, seen as she left her Kensington home by taxi to take part in a debate organised by South Kensington members of the Conservative Party. Her Fascist viewpoint failed to capture the imagination of her listeners, and she left the meeting in haste after an adverse vote

LADY GRANVILLE.—The Dowager Lady Granville, who died lately at a great age, was the second wife of the 2nd Earl Granville, son of that Lord Granville Leveson Gower who figures so largely in famous Whig memoirs and survives so vividly in his correspondence with Lady Bessborough. The 2nd Earl, who was a Victorian statesman and held the offices of Colonial and Foreign Secretary, married first Lady Acton, a daughter of the Duc de Dalborg. She died in 1860 and Lord Granville married again in 1865 Miss Castalia Rosalind Campbell, of Islay. Castalia, Lady Granville was a great Liberal hostess of the Victorian age, perhaps the greatest exponent of the salon on the old Parisian model. She was a famous beauty in her day—a long day—and she entertained her friends, drawn from more than one political party, in Carlton Terrace, at Government office receptions, and at Walmer. She inherited the literary gifts of her grandmother, Lady Charlotte Bury, and produced an admirable edition of the Granville—Lady Bessborough correspondence which is still read and studied by all writers on the great days of Whiggism. She was Liberal in every sense of the term, for she was broad-minded politically, a pacifier of party bitterness and a very charming and popular hostess.

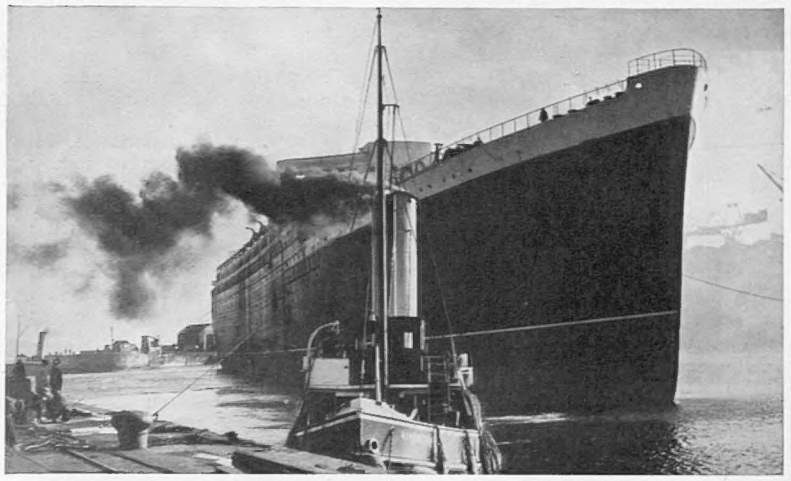
UNEXPLAINED.—The more one considers that by-product of Munich, the joint declaration by Hitler and Mr. Chamberlain that our two countries would never again fight each other, the more one wonders what sort of a scrap of paper it is. Before the ink of the signatures was dry, Mr. Chamberlain was pledging himself vigorously to complete the defences of this country against air attack. And in the same breaths with which he repeatedly stresses its importance, he reiterates his determination to render Britain as safe as science and precaution can make her from attack by air. For rearming and piling up armaments there is alas! most excellent justification to-day. We have our Empire and vast lines of communication to protect against many unknown enemies spread over the world's face. But as regards A.R.P., it is at least a surface paradox to stress the value of the Munich declaration and at one and the same time press forward A.R.P. remorselessly. For unless we apprehend danger from France or Belgium or Holland or Scandinavia, there appears to be no possible enemy within striking distance of this island for large-scale bombing operations, except Germany. That A.R.P. is necessary and that the country intends to be made safe from air attack may be taken for granted. The events of the past fortnight have shown us conclusively how little appeasement Munich brought and how little gain in security for defenceless civilians.

QUEEN MAUD.—Queen Maud was the last surviving of King Edward VII's family of six children. The Duke of Clarence died at twenty-six. The third son only survived a day. The lives and deaths of the remaining son, King George V, and of the Duchess of Fife and Princess Victoria need no note. None lived to what in these days is regarded as old age. It is curious to contrast the greater longevity in the previous generation. Three of Queen Victoria's children are still among us, and, considering their ages, in good health. There are ample proofs that the tempo of modern life does not encourage longevity. Queen Maud will be as much missed at Sandringham at least as in Norway. For she was surely the most English Princess who ever came to sit on a foreign throne, and her visits to England were regular annual events all her life.

THE OLD STAGER



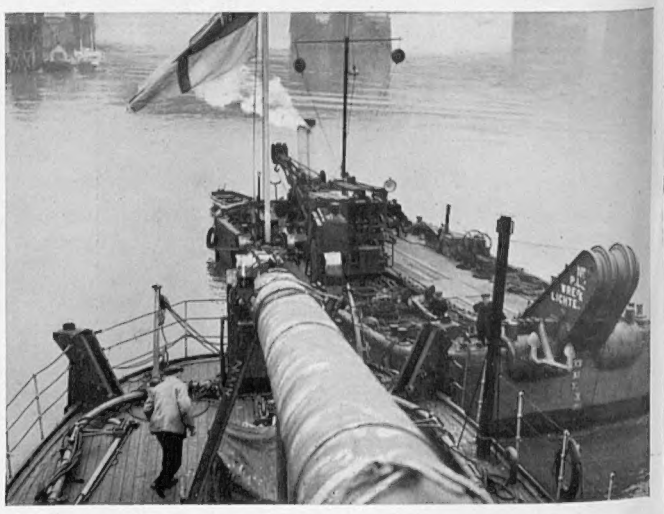
ALMOST READY FOR HER FIRST COMMISSION: Britain's new £3,000,000 aircraft-carrier *Ark Royal*, which was launched on the Mersey last year and has since been fitted out, seen on arrival at Portsmouth where she will be prepared for service. The *Ark Royal* is our first large carrier to be designed as such



A GIANT IN TOW: A tug engaged in moving the partially completed *Mauretania* to another part of the fitting-out basin at Birkenhead. This 33,000-ton liner was launched last summer and will leave on her maiden voyage next June

A BOWS-ON VIEW of the *Mauretania* as she was manœuvred across her fitting-out basin. When she goes into service she should achieve a popularity equal to that of the *Queen Mary*. She has been planned for comfort rather than speed

WITH A CARGO OF GRANITE IN HER HOLDS, the British motor vessel *Innisulva* ran ashore near Lowestoft in a dense fog, and tugs immediately stood by to help her. Fortunately the sea was particularly calm and she was refloated at the next tide without assistance and continued on her way apparently undamaged. Considering the immense weight of her cargo, it was surprising that she emerged from her predicament so easily. At the time of the mishap the *Innisulva* was bound from Jersey to the Humber



H.M.S. "PRESIDENT" LEAVES HER MOORINGS: Looking along the stern of the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve training ship as a lighter prepared her for her journey down the tideway from Blackfriars to Sheerness where she is now being refitted. So that she could pass under the bridges the mast was unstepped

THE CAPTAINS AND THE KINGS PAY CALLS

A Round of Significant Visits to Europe's Capitals

GERMAN AIR CHIEF'S VISIT: Major-General Bodenschatz, of the German Air Ministry, seen with General Wenninger (left), the German Air Attaché, during his stay in London which aroused such speculation in diplomatic and political circles. A German spokesman has since been at pains to explain that the visit had no political significance, and the view has been advanced that Major-General Bodenschatz has been over here for the sole reason of studying British aerial rearmament

KING CAROL IN FRANCE: His Majesty seen with M. Lebrun at the shooting party which the French President gave in his honour at Rambouillet. During his stay in Paris the King had many conversations with leading French statesmen, at which the future relations, particularly in the economic sphere, between the two countries were discussed in the light of the situation which has arisen out of the Munich settlement. It is understood that the King advanced the view that while there could be no question of attempting to block a reasonable, natural expansion of German trade with Rumania, every effort should be made "to keep open the avenues of commercial exchange with other nations, notably Britain and France"

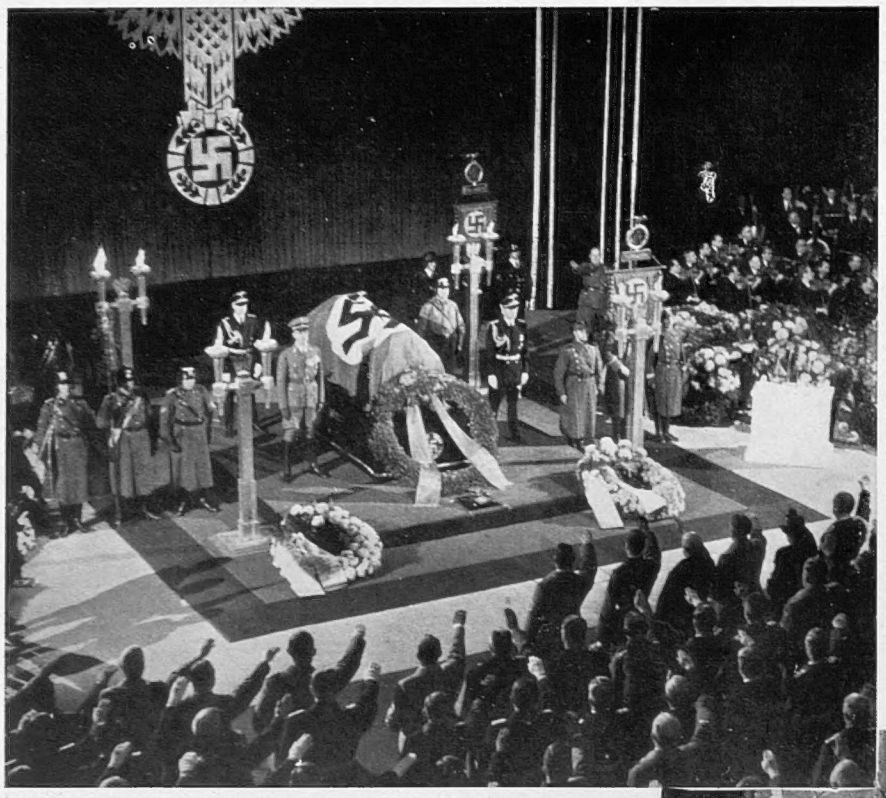
ANOTHER BALKAN RULER COMES TO LONDON: The Duke and Duchess of Kent with Prince Paul, Chief Regent of Yugoslavia, whom they welcomed at Victoria Station last Monday on his arrival in company with Princess Olga, who is seen towards the right of the picture. Prince Paul and Princess Olga have been staying at Buckingham Palace as the guests of the King and Queen, and His Highness has taken advantage of the visit to exchange views with leading British statesmen

KING LEOPOLD IN HOLLAND: The King of the Belgians leaving the Central Station, Amsterdam, in company with his hostess, Queen Wilhelmina, at the start of his much heralded visit to the Netherlands. At a state banquet given in his honour the King laid much emphasis on the way in which "the rapprochement of the smaller states enlarged their sphere of action and authority"

PATRIARCHAL! The Prime Minister, who, despite the imminence of his Paris visit, found time to snatch an hour or two from political business, pictured with Mrs. Chamberlain outside Chelsea Old Church following the christening of their grandchild, the infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Lloyd, who hail from Birmingham—stronghold of the Chamberlain family. Afterwards Mrs. Chamberlain gave a tea-party

NAZIS HONOUR VOM RATH

Turkey Mourns Ataturk, And Other Events Abroad



ANOTHER SCHLAGETER? Nazi leaders saluting the bier of Herr Ernst vom Rath, formerly Third Secretary of the German Embassy in Paris, who was murdered at his desk by a Jew and, as a result, has now been enshrined as a Nazi martyr. This picture was taken in the Planetarium of the Rheinlandhalle at Dusseldorf just before he was buried with military honours

THE BLACK GUARD GOES BY: Members of the S.S. marching in the funeral procession of Herr vom Rath, the murdered Nazi diplomat, whose death led to the terrible pogrom by which German Jewry is being denuded of a vast proportion of its still remaining wealth

SOUTH AFRICA'S DEFENCE MINISTER IN BERLIN: Mr. Pirow being greeted by the Military Commander of Berlin on arrival to place a wreath at the tomb of Germany's Unknown Warrior. The Minister's visit to the Reich has given rise to much speculation

IN DUSSELDORF'S NORTHERN CEMETERY: The father, mother, and brother of murdered vom Rath standing beside the grave after the coffin had been lowered. Right centre stands Foreign Minister von Ribbentrop

TEARS FOR ATATURK: Men and women cried openly as they stood before the Republican Monument in Taxim Place, Istanbul, when attending a memorial service for Turkey's dead President. Ataturk was buried in Angora this week, over 17,000 wreaths being sent from abroad. Representing Britain at the funeral was Field-Marshal Lord Birdwood, Commander-in-Chief in the Dardanelles during the war

U.S. ELECTION BATTLE: A scene at the chief counting station in New York as votes were collated. In the fight for the Governorship "Racket Buster" Dewey (Republican) was narrowly defeated by Mr. Lehmann (Democrat)

In a world in which it seems that history is being made faster than ever before, three big events have stood out of recent days. The murder of the young German diplomat, vom Rath, with all its terrible repercussions upon Jewry; the death of Ataturk, the man who regenerated Turkey and guided her through the first stages of Westernisation; and the setback to Roosevelt in the United States elections have, each in their own way, provided news for thought. The vom Rath affair has, in particular, complicated international relations, for Germany has chosen to magnify it in such a way and to take revenge in such a way that the world cannot ignore all that has passed and, as a consequence, there has to a large extent been a hardening of opinion against the Reich. In this respect America has been in the van, and has shown that though she veered towards the Republican side in the elections she still stands by the foreign policy of her President. As a result of the pogrom, too, the South African Defence Minister's visit to Berlin has not been regarded favourably in the Empire, and General Smuts has hastened to provide reassurance of the Union's viewpoint on the Colonial question

"THE LORDS OF THE LAND GO RIDING, AND THE HORN ON THE UPLAND BLOWS"

THE DARTMOOR HUNT MEETS AT PRINCETON: Huntsman and hounds moving off to draw after forgathering at Two Bridges for one of the opening meets of the 1938-39 fox-hunting season

TAKING THE CAP at a recent meet of the Bicester at Kirtlington Park, Oxfordshire. The pack had an excellent day, twice making a point of over four and a half miles. On both occasions hounds ran for an hour

PRELUDE TO A BRILLIANT DAY'S SPORT: Lady Allerton, Mrs. H. O. Wiley, and Lord Allerton forgather for a stirrup cup at The Fernie's meet at Turlangton when the field enjoyed a first-rate run, hounds setting a galloping pace for nearly two hours

IN ENGLAND'S WILD WEST: A picturesque scene at a meet of the Mid-Devon Hunt at the Drewe Arms, Drewsteignton. Hunting in the West Country is very different to sport in the shires, and more often than not the stocky cob will negotiate the difficult banks and the almost equally tricky stone walls with greater skill than the well-bred hunter accustomed to more straightforward obstacles

THE HOSTESS OF TURLANGTON: Mrs. Wiley (*right*), who entertained The Fernie on Thursday of last week, pictured with Mrs. MacNaughton before the great run which, when March 31 comes along, stands a good chance of being voted the best of the season

THE BICESTER MOVE OFF FROM KIRTLINGTON PARK: Members of the field passing some old thatched cottages as they made for the first covert at the start of a good day's sport, the forerunner, it is hoped, of many more this season, though these days the spectre of foot-and-mouth disease is always in the offing to curb the sportsman's optimism. So far, however, all has been well and the going has been ideal. In most parts of the country there appear to be larger fields than of recent years

MORE FERNIE PERSONALITIES: Colonel Breitmeyer, Mrs. T. L. Cross, and the Huntsman, Peaker (who has been with the pack ten years), seen at the Turlangton meet which was followed by such good sport

THEY FOUGHT IN THE WHITE MEN'S QUARREL: This memorial at Dar-es-Salaam is dedicated to the native soldiers who fell in the German East African campaign between 1914 and 1918, when General Von Lettow-Vorbech fought with such gallantry in defying the British forces

What Might Happen
IF GERMANY REGAINED HER COLONIES

The Strategic Aspect of the Situation Reviewed

By VICE-ADMIRAL C. V. USBORNE, C.B., C.M.G.

THE strategic consequences of giving to Germany the colonies the Allies of 1914 won from her are not, perhaps, generally understood. They deserve to be, for they are very important.

Strategic considerations operate not only in war, but exercise inevitably a profound influence on international affairs in peace. For example, Germany was able to occupy Austria peacefully because the militarisation of the Rhine provinces rendered opposition by France strategically difficult. Again, the strategic weakness of the Mediterranean powers in 1936, owing to disagreement, gave Turkey the opportunity to get rid of the restrictions on the fortification of the Dardanelles without fear of opposition. No matter how friendly two great nations may be towards one another, it is undeniable, then, that the strategic possibilities which lie behind their diplomatic fronts must infallibly influence all their relations. What are these possibilities?

In 1935 Germany entered voluntarily into a solemn agreement that her fleet should not exceed the ratio of 35 to 100 as compared with the British. The relationship was to be permanent, but in the event of the general equilibrium being violently upset by abnormal or exceptional construction by other powers, Germany reserved the right to invite Britain to examine the new situation thus created. The mere acquisition of colonies, therefore, would not justify Germany in breaking this agreement. In submarines, however, Germany only agreed to limit herself to 45 per cent. of the British Commonwealth's total, and reserved the right in the event of a situation arising, which in Germany's opinion made it necessary, to exercise her right to a larger percentage of submarine tonnage, subject to prior friendly discussions. If Germany became a colonial power she might very reasonably claim that the circumstances foreshadowed had arisen, and might increase her submarines to an unlimited extent.

In addition to the two 35,000-ton battleships Germany is building, she possesses to-day two Scharnhörsts, 30-knot 26,000-ton battleships, carrying 11-in. guns, with Diesel engines for cruising, and consequent long endurance, and beyond these the three Deutschlands of 10,000 tons, carrying 11-in. guns.

Unable to contest our sea supremacy, she could in war use these last five ships very effectively for commerce destruction, for which purpose they were probably designed, and of our existing warships, only the battle-cruisers *Hood*, *Renown*, and *Repulse* could tackle them, our battleships being too slow.

Without overseas bases, these formidable commerce destroyers could cause us serious trade losses at the outset of a war just as German cruisers did in the last war, but they would be hampered by the need eventually to reach German ports. Taking the south end of Ceylon as a good centre for harrying our eastern trade, its distance from Germany round the Cape is approximately 11,000 miles, while Fernando Noronha, a suitable rendezvous for operating against our South American trade, is 4,000 miles from Germany. These great distances would limit their raiding powers, and the danger would be periodic only; also, there would be good opportunities of bringing these ships to action and so removing this threat to our essential imports. But the effectiveness of the raiders would be enormously increased if Germany possessed fortified refuelling bases in the South Atlantic, Indian Ocean and Pacific, and her submarine campaign would also be greatly facilitated.

Previous to 1914 Germany did not fully develop her colonies to support her war on shipping, but can anyone doubt that she will do so now if given the opportunity. Our Cape trade route, so important now that the Mediterranean is endangered by aircraft, is within 600 miles of Togoland and 300 of Walvis Bay in South-west Africa, while from Togoland to the focal point of the even more important Argentine meat trade is under 2,000 miles, and from Walvis Bay 2,500 miles.

In the Atlantic with German defended ports in Togoland, the Cameroons and South-west Africa, or even at only one of those places, the operations against trade of a mixed squadron of Scharnhörsts and Deutschlands would be most difficult to deal with. It would be the same in the Indian Ocean with a port in Tanganyika. There is, of course, the question of docking, but even if Germany had not built a dock at Walvis Bay, it would only involve an annual visit to Germany.

Assuming we adopted the convoy system, our convoys ought, for safety, to be escorted by battleships as well as by cruisers and destroyers, but with twenty or more convoys at sea at once this would be impossible, particularly as an adequate containing battlefleet must always remain in home waters.

The raiders, assisted by cruisers with aircraft, could round up convoy after convoy and sink almost every ship in them. Our three battle-cruisers would doubtless have the task of hunting them down, but with defended ports into which they could bolt, the task would be difficult and its fulfilment perhaps long delayed. In any case, we have only three battle-cruisers, all old, as against five modern raiders.

The consequent operations would not involve only the battle-cruisers. Cruisers, destroyers and submarines would be urgently needed in the campaign to destroy these outlying hornet's nests. For the reconquest of the colonies would become a paramount necessity, and this entails that the contingents of troops and air force which the African colonies and Dominions would otherwise be able to furnish to the main theatre of the war would be locked up in isolated campaigns.

The question of air defence must also be considered. Germany would assuredly establish aerodromes in her colonies, from which would operate not only air lines to Germany capable of carrying ammunition and machine parts, but also bombers and fighters for the protection of the colony. Thus the hateful anticipation of aerial bombardment, endured to-day only by the mother country, would be spread to new points all over the Empire. These considerations, unless somehow neutralised, would reflect in all our diplomatic relations. We should be much weaker and Germany much stronger.

What is the strategic answer?

Naturally, opinions may differ. In my view our actual programme battlefleet is none too strong to provide superiority in the North Atlantic and Mediterranean, and though the new King George class when finished could catch and fight the raiders, we could not afford to dissipate the Fleet's most modern units in chasing raiders in distant seas. To meet the new threat we should need a squadron of very fast battleships, not necessarily large (the *Dunkerque* of 26,000 tons, 13-in. guns, is an admirable type), in the Atlantic, and another in the Indian Ocean. Security being vital to us, we must build with a margin, and four such battleships in each ocean would not be too many.

The duty of these ships would be to cover our convoys and bring the raiders to battle as soon as possible. It is emphasised that these vessels would be additional to our present programme which is based on existing strategic conditions, and we should require also to operate with them at least four more flotillas of destroyers and two more aircraft-carriers. Thus the new threat could only be neutralised by a vast naval expenditure, difficult indeed to superimpose on the country's present effort at rearmament, while the aerial armament of the German colonies must be answered by its like in our own.

But there is a further consideration to which we cannot shut our eyes. Treaties do not last for ever. History shows that all are broken sooner or later. Germany lost her colonies in the last war because her sea power was not adequate to defend them. As that great country rises above her financial difficulties there will certainly be a movement this time to make her overseas possessions secure. And if that movement carries the day the challenge to our naval supremacy with its inevitable consequence of war must follow.

SOUTH-WEST AFRICA'S CAPITAL: The town of Windhoek which still has a large German population. A German daily paper is published there

A STRATEGIC POINT: The port of Luderitz, South-west Africa, which formerly belonged to Germany and following the great war came under League of Nations Mandate

FÜR KAISER UND REICH: This memorial was erected at Tanga, formerly the chief port of Tanganyika, to fifteen Germans who fell there in 1914 when resisting the first British attack. It was not until July, 1916, that General Smuts eventually captured the town

SAILING ON WINTRY SEAS:

Schooners Race Off Boston: The "Olivebank" Fights Heavy Seas on the Western Ocean

RIVALRY IN AMERICAN WATERS: The schooner *Gertrude L. Thebaud* seen just before the start of the deciding heat for the International Fishermen's Trophy which was held off Boston the other day and in which she was narrowly defeated by the Canadian schooner *Bluenose*. This was *Bluenose's* fourth victory in seventeen years

THE LAST PHASE OF A TRAGEDY OF THE SEA: Huge waves pounding against the hull of the Italian steamer *Alba*, which, with the first gales of winter, is breaking up off St. Ives, Cornwall, where she was wrecked last February, five of her crew being drowned when the lifeboat that went to the rescue suddenly turned turtle

A FOUR-MASTER'S BATTLE WITH THE ELEMENTS: The grain racer *Olivebank* hove to with a heavy list to port as a result of ballast shifting during a severe buffeting in an Atlantic storm. The *Olivebank* was built on the Clyde about forty-six years ago and still sails regularly between England and Australia

VIENNA'S TRAFFIC POLICE have now changed over to the same uniforms as those worn in Berlin

Touring Europe in Search of Peace—II

DOWNCAST PRAGUE AND DRAB VIENNA

Form the Subject of this Second Article in a Short Series Describing Current Conditions Upon the Continent: Jewry's Desperate Plight

By FERDINAND TUOHY

IT was odd to head from Nuremberg to Prague and to know that, continuing south-east, one would presently slip back into the Reich—the Vienna country. Yet that would be different, however much ex-Austria had been labelled Oestmark. The time to sort one's impressions of post-Munich Germany and Germans was subtly conveyed as now, before leaving the old Reich.

Incidentally, so much have the totalitarian leaders publicised my kind of late that impressions no longer develop on a silver salver. Vain, asking odd people odd questions—such as in trains—or their opinions. May even lead to bother. Too much fear or subservience or puny self-importance are at work these days. Waste of time calling on officialdom or newspaper offices. One is lucky if one has a *very* few people of detached outlook, whom one can trust, strewn along one's way. Certainly encourage stray conversations, if such are visited on you, yet one's most remunerative stand-by now is probably a capacity to absorb good old overworked "atmosphere."

Local publications tell a deal, when scanned on the spot; so do the pavements, and, perhaps as much, the shop windows. I suppose, in sum, that if unsensitive to what is being spoken, thought and felt about him, in restaurant and tramcar, café and cinema, the itinerant inquirer is out of luck, currently, in Central Europe.

There's no call to quarrel with touring enthusiasts who find the present Reich a vitalising experience. "A blaze and bustle of activity and gaiety," I see one of our authoresses puts it, though where she collected the gaiety is not so clear. Part of her path seems to have been mine, and the only place I struck with a semblance of gaiety was Cologne where there is all-night roystering yet, based on a potent blending of beer and an elementary spirit called Bacholder.

No; the Nazi revolution is shot by Puritanism, with its attendant harshness, and if you throw in the self-inflicted guns-before-butter spartan life, there's not much room for gaiety.

But it's high time we entrained. Mine was the first through the Sudentenland, via Eger, late Cheb. For over a month the only connection with Prague had been by air. Just before Eger, at Shirdzing, our train was derailed, and there was opportunity—and to spare—to contemplate the desolate countryside of rain and mud and hardly a soul in sight. You'd have agreed that a sane human kind would have arranged to provide a permanent home and pension elsewhere on the globe for every one of Henlein's 3,000,000 rather than promote the aerial catastrophe for this kind of place.

On the way to Pilsen and Prague, moving scenes in more senses than one. Downcast Czechs and Jews crowded the train, silent while for two hours we jogged through the recovered territory. In Czechoslovakia, ex-Austria, and Hungary, I have been living in this general post sort of atmosphere for the past fortnight. Refugees marshalled in groups with their bundles, cowed, making you feel an outsider, strolling by. You want to adjourn from this brand of world to some place, yes, away from it all. . . . Brittany, Provence.

Outside Marienbad, in a swamp in the pine woods, hundreds of victims were building their own concentration camp. No less than fifteen spas and resorts have gone to Germany.

Pilsen station. How we all did expand, not only verbally, but on the local beer, and the buttered rolls, and cream pastries. I said good-bye to a French youth who was going back to Skoda, crestfallen, et comment! "How can I face my friends?" We had felt drawn together on the journey: representatives of the two western democracies, now being taken no notice of, compared with representatives of the Axis Powers. A ticket-collector even jostled by, insisting on stumbling his few Italian words at me, though he did get a rude Germanic comment for his pains.

The Germans are right up the main streets of Pilsen, on three sides. You never saw such a crazy tracing as the new frontier for hundreds of miles: like nothing so much as the graph of a DT victim's trembling.

I shall conform as far as possible to the convenient new doctrine of not going back on what's done and cannot be undone, yet a few words from someone who mattered, in Prague, may be tolerable. And I should mention that the Czechs are still maintaining their dignity and decency. I met with no rudeness or abruptness, though obviously hailing from the isles I do. I thought I should for the first time, as a British subject, feel ashamed in the streets of a foreign capital, but this was not so. A certain chilliness, yes, but little else that wasn't traceable to a repugnance to converse in German. And I arrived in Prague on the very morning the country was ordered to hand over a further 1,000,000 inhabitants to Hungary.

"What we have against you and the French (I was told) is that you didn't tell us you couldn't help us. It's the moral side, the resultant collapse of our belief in right and justice, truth and honesty that hurts most. We are undergoing a truly appalling strain. Humiliatingly handing over vast portions of our country, including 500,000 of our own, isn't all. We have now deliberately and coldly got to reshape and redirect our entire national conception. We have got to go in under a country whose propaganda but the other day characterised us as a lot of uncouth and uncivilised menials. Goebbels passes on from that. We cannot. But depend upon it—we are lost in the future to the liberal world which England stood for and lived by more than did any other land."

Czechoslovakia still has a surplus of timber, grain, and dairy produce, all wanted next door, if she has lost most of her textile, glass, and porcelain industries. She retains Skoda and Brünn arms factories which should largely work for the Reich. The Czechs suggest American hard-boiledness; they should eventually pull through, economically. But as to re-arising as "a second Switzerland," the augurs are not so promising, as one sees from the above statement.

Rather should the country go authoritarian. At present the political parties are in process of disintegration. There is a powerful anti-Benes movement, controlled—whence? The famous Sokols, counting 800,000 members, may need but a gentle push to turn into a new brand of young Fascism. Already their members are ominously shouting "Czechoslovakia for the Czechs" and are beginning to strafe the Jews. Munich is having the inevitable and rapid effect of boosting each and all of the local Nazi movements in Europe.

The unfortunate Jews are in and out of this picture I am trying to sketch, and of which maybe the most enduring memory will be that of citizens in three capitals, glued each morning afresh to shop windows showing the latest frontier demarcation, east, west, south, and north.

The new Czechoslovakia retains roughly 340,000 Jews, two-thirds of whom are in Slovakia and Ruthenia. Among the Czechs' 7,000,000 only 117,000 are Jews; moreover, no less than 75,000 of these have opted for Czech rather than Jewish nationality (unique privilege granted by Masaryk). Of Prague's 34,000 Jews, 8,000 are of Czech, and as many again of German, nationality. The Jewish leaders plead that the race is 100 per cent. patriotic. They fear the future.

I visited the Stadium where shivered the bulk of the 12,000 Jewish refugees, and also sidings where many of the 40,000 Sudeten refugees were quartered in railway trucks until these required to be used, or so it was said. Sir Ronald Macleay was distributing our £260,000, but, frankly, I don't know whether we should go on with this sort of charity in view of our new, retreating political course. The sum subscribed is merely a fleabite, anyway, and mostly caused Czechs to ponder on rich England.

Against this, walking abroad in Prague, I did feel there was a basis for the argument that the Czechs have something to thank Mr. Chamberlain for. This fair capital might well have been in ruins, and unutterable family misery the order of the day, had there been no Godesberg. And what would that have profited the Czechs? They now have at least a sporting chance to survive freely.

Prague was subdued, sad, orderly. Policemen without end, striding eloquently in couples—the Communist party alone numbered 850,000. A glut of officers, mostly young, a good many of whom will have to be absorbed civilly. On the Hradshin, the Palace guard no longer is attired in French and Italian uniforms, complimentary relic of the 1919 Czech Legions. Duff Cooper the only foreigner on

(*Continued on page 356*)

THE TWO MINUTES SILENCE IN PRAGUE, to-day a capital of bitter memories and disillusionment

VIENNA'S BEER HALLS are far from thronged under the new regime, which frowns on gaiety

THEIR FUTURE IN THE BALANCE: Members of Czechoslovakia's Sokol organisation giving an athletic display. Ferdinand Tuohy hints in his article that this at present non-political body may gradually lean towards Fascism

A "SPHERE" SURVEY

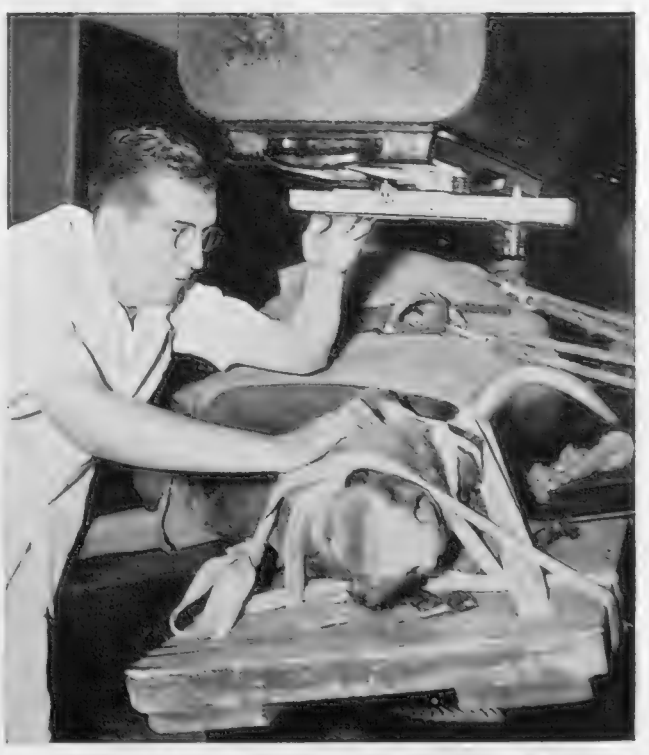
THE INDEPENDENCE DAY CELEBRATIONS IN WARSAW: Marshal Rydz Smigly, the Polish military leader, shaking hands with the British Military Attaché after the big parade held in the capital in order to mark the twentieth anniversary of the proclamation of Polish independence

MUSSOLINI IS REPRESENTED IN THE SELF-APPOINTED ROLE OF "DEFENDER OF ISLAM" in this statue which Marshal Balbo, Governor of Libya, is seen inaugurating at Tripoli

THE LAST PHASE IN THE PARTITION OF CZECHOSLOVAKIA was reached on November 11 when Hungarian cavalry, as depicted here, passed through a triumphal archway and entered the town of Kassa, Eastern Slovakia. As a result of the German, Polish, and Hungarian annexations Czechoslovakia has been reduced in area from 57,796 square miles to 40,912 square miles

BALKAN ENTENTE CORDIALE: Dr. Kiosseivanoff, the Bulgarian Premier, receiving a bouquet from a peasant girl of Nish, during his recent visit to Yugoslavia in order to engage in political talks with Dr. Stoyadinovitch (right), the Yugoslavian Premier

150,000 ATTEND AMERICA'S CORN-HUSKING CHAMPIONSHIP: A glimpse of the great crowd which gathered at Sioux Falls, South Dakota, and saw Ted Balko, of Minnesota, win the prize by husking 22·24 bushels in 80 mins. It was the second time he had gained the national title



On right—THE MODERN VET: Dr. Mark A. Emmerson, of the University of Pennsylvania, using his giant X-ray apparatus when examining a cow afflicted with a head tumour. The apparatus is likely to be employed to an increasing extent in dealing with valuable stock

THE FALI
NORTH

WHEN EVENING COMES the Fali villagers join together in the dance, their weird but rhythmic movements keeping time to the sound of five stringed instruments. The Fali are a pagan people who live in the Benue River region in the northern part of the French Cameroons which, before the great war, belonged to Germany. They are a subject race, their overlords being the Fulani—Muslims who centuries ago swept westwards across Africa and established a despotic though by no means harsh rule

FALI BOWMEN about to start tribe, but are well content to enlightened manner. The superior Muslim culture has

A WELL SET UP FALI WOMAN of dignified bearing. On her back she carries a raffia basket which not only serves practical purposes but is also considered an important item in her adornment

THE PIGTAIL OF THE BUSH: A young tribesman wearing a typical raffia adornment on his back

At a time when German colonial claims are being so increasingly urged, attention is directed to the African peoples living in the mandated areas. In the little-known French Cameroons, which formerly belonged to Germany and were never administered by the Fatherland with much success, many diverse tribes are congregated, among them the Fali, a people living under Muslim overlords. In the following article John Douglas describes their primitive manners and customs.

A JOURNEY from the coast to the north of the Cameroons shows you a cross-section of West Africa. Starting from the swampy tropical forests, inhabited by a primitive but half-Europeanised native, you emerge into cultivated uplands where the native is less touched by European civilisation and retains more of his pristine habits. Farther north still, you come into the dry, savannah country, which stretches southward from the Sahara and Lake Chad around Garua and the Benue River, and here you find a civilisation which is neither African nor European. For this country, long before the European knew of its existence, was conquered by races of Asiatic origin, by Arabs, Hansa, and Fulani, professing the Muhammadan religion.

Of these conquering races the Fulani are the whitest and the most civilised. They have been identified by certain ethnologists with the Fellaheen of ancient Egypt. Their conquest of the Bantu African started as a form of peaceful penetration. They came as cattle grazers, paying tribute to the native chiefs. But in time the flame of Islam inspired a more violent form of conquest, sweeping through the land and driving the pagan tribes into the mountains. Once they had conquered the natives the Fulani proceeded to colonise them in a manner which was, by contrast, remarkably civilised. They assimilated them and intermarried with them. They established a system, not of slavery, but of feudal serfdom, on a basis of mutual obligation between servant and master. In return for his services, the Fulani chief makes himself responsible for his servant's welfare, providing him not only with food and lodging but even with a wife. In this manner the native retains his own customs, leavened with the superior Muslim culture which he absorbs from his master. The result, in many of the Fulani sultanates, is a system of administration which, in its way, is often superior to that of the European.

The Fulani, being Muslims, wear long robes of cotton, woven, as a rule, in Japan, but agreeably embroidered in coloured wools. The subject pagan races, like the Fali, go about in varying degrees of nudity. As a basic costume the women, as a rule, are content with a raffia tail, like a horse's tail, behind, and an

THE BEE-HIVE HUTS OF THE FALI: A typical village near Garua in the northern region of the Cameroons

PEOPLE OF THE ERN CAMEROONS

THE TRIBE FORGATHERS: Fali men and women in a village compound when preparing to celebrate one of their feast days with song and dance. The woman in the foreground evidences the Fali's strange methods of facial adornment. They delight to have bits of rhinoceros horn protruding from their lips, while a scarlet peg stuck in the side of the nose is considered a great aid to beauty. They also enlarge their mouths

out on a hunting expedition. They are essentially a fighting live under their Muslim rulers, who on the whole treat them in an Fali for the most part retain their ancient customs, though clearly had a big leavening influence in matters of pagan ritual

arrangement of beads in front. But they go in for forms of adornment which vary from one tribe to another. Some plait their hair in strands, which gives them a rakish, Tibetan look. They are proud of their elaborate coiffures, which they will alter as the caprice of fashion moves them. Some decorate their faces with tattoo marks, cut with some sharp instrument and filled with charcoal or other substance to make the scars permanent. A row of scarlet beads down the forehead, a screw in the nose, bits of bone or rhinoceros horn protruding from the lips, a couple of gold coins wired through the chin, or a scarlet peg stuck into the side of the nose, are other vanities favoured by the women.

The more primitive tribes are more eccentric in their forms of adornment. Pegs and discs, of wood or ivory, are inserted in the women's faces. The discs vary in size from buttons to plates. They are not unlike the "mushrooms" which European women use for darning. As a rule, they are inserted above and below the mouth, making a noise like castanets when they meet, and rendering speech, except in a species of duck language, somewhat difficult. The women start to enlarge their mouths for this purpose from childhood, starting with small pegs, and working up to larger plates as they grow older. It is said that these ornaments were designed by the men to render their women grotesque and protect them from the slave raids of the Arabs. It is more probable, however, that their purpose is purely æsthetic, and that a woman is only considered a beauty if she is pegged out like some elaborate indoor game. The women among these tribes have no great status. Wives are bought and sold like livestock, their prices varying with the price of cotton, coffee or the produce of the neighbourhood. Daughters in a family are regarded as a capital asset, and often a female child is bespoken from birth by a suitor who secures an option on her, perhaps in lieu of a bad debt from the father. Often, again, a man will sell his wife to a friend if the price has gone up since he bought her and he can be sure of a decent profit.

EVEN HORNY HANDS NEED PROTECTION: This shield is worn by all the Fali bowmen

AS SOON AS HE CAN WALK, the Fali youth adorns himself like his father and is allowed to carry bow and arrow

Among the Fulani the woman is much respected. She leads a life of leisured ease, and is rarely to be seen in the market or in the performance of any menial task. Among the subject tribes, on the other hand, the wife is often expected to till the soil, while the man enjoys a life of ease. One of the oddest and most resourceful uses to which men put their wives is in the Massa country in the Northern Cameroons. They place them on platforms in the grain fields as scarecrows.

READY FOR THE DANCE: Fali girls adorned on a festal occasion. The tribeswomen really have very little status, being bought and sold like livestock, their prices varying with the prices of cotton and coffee

NAVAL PREFERMENT: Vice-Admiral A. B. Cunningham, C.B., D.S.O., formerly Second in Command of the Mediterranean Fleet, pictured at his desk at the Admiralty on taking up his new duties as Deputy Chief of the Naval Staff

THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER HOME AGAIN: Her Royal Highness, looking well after her holiday in Kenya, was present on Stage Stars' Day at the Disabled Ex-Service Men's Exhibition at the Imperial Institute, where many noted actors and actresses served as salesmen. With her in this picture are Alfred Drayton (left), George Robey, Robertson Hare, and Stanley Lupino (right)

VOICE OF EIRE: This is twenty-three-year-old, Belfast-born Bernadette Plunkett who has lately been appointed chief announcer of Radio Eireann

DE VALERA'S CHANGE OF FRONT

Not the Fighting Extremist as of Yore, but a Responsible Statesman who will Never Again Subject His Country to Economic Martyrdom

By SHELTON SCHOLEFIELD

AROUND four-fifths of Eire's exports in Europe go to Great Britain. That is a fact which must be borne in mind in judging the importance of any questions which may arise between Dublin and London. Pressure from within, one must imagine, rather than any real desire on his own part has compelled Mr. de Valera to open up the question of abolishing the border between north and south, since time would automatically solve the question without strife.

But it would be wrong to interpret de Valera's interview with a London evening newspaper, wherein he made certain proposals for a solution of the northern problem, as heralding a campaign unfriendly to Great Britain—it is rather a *ballon d'essai* designed to enlist British support. For de Valera has learned much since the days of his early extremism, and despite his habit of taking a stand on anything affecting Eire's "prestige," can fairly be reckoned nowadays among the more responsible statesmen, and he is well aware that there is no backing to-day for a further "war," even if it be economic, with Great Britain.

His decision to refuse the payment of the land annuities, which led to the "cattle war," almost ruined Eire, did indeed ruin many smaller farmers who could not hold out; and now that peace has been achieved and prices of £20 per head of cattle are common, no one desires to see a return of a state of affairs so disastrous all round.

It is, moreover, a quite definite fact that the average Irishman has made up his own mind that the quarrel with England is over for good, and to start another would be merely to hand out to the nearest political runner-up a foolproof plank in his platform. De Valera's almost hypnotic influence over his fellow-countrymen has enabled him to retain power and prestige, despite the millions which he has cost his country. But the realist de Valera of to-day will not carry things too far, nor ask Irishmen to face a new period of martyrdom. He will not abandon his aim of uniting north and south, but his methods are likely to be less direct than the refusal of the land annuities. He will seek Britain's good will to any change, not defy her.

Politics, perhaps, bring Eire most often into the news. In a way, it is an inevitable legacy from the past, and in any case, politics make a better "story" than dry economic facts. But it is nevertheless these economic facts, however dry, which must occupy Mr. de Valera's time at least as much as any dramatic "border" troubles. For Eire has had to learn many bitter facts in economic realism since the post-Treaty exuberance led certain super-patriots to utter profundities such as "Burn everything English except her coal," and those who objected that Ireland's best and to all intents only market was Great Britain were classed as "West Britons." Much turgid Liffey water has flowed under O'Connell Bridge since those days.

In the meantime, Eire has boxed the compass to find alternative markets. She has picked up a little genuine business in Germany and spots elsewhere. Substantially, she has had to return to the viewpoint of the despised "West Britons." The heretics were right after all. England is the essential market for Irish goods and she has no near rival. Some super-patriots tear their hair, but the average workaday Irishman bears it smilingly. He has made up his mind that he doesn't hate England as he used to.

The boldly-conceived Shannon barrage scheme for providing cheap electricity to Eire's citizens has been an unqualified success despite all forebodings, and, indeed, a new scheme is being put into operation for the Liffey at Poulaphuca ("The Fairy's Pool"). This cheap power is a considerable aid to industry, and one can sincerely congratulate both the Cosgrave and de Valera governments upon pushing through the schemes against the pessimists, but a more difficult question is—how far is it economic and judicious to industrialise a country predominantly agricultural?

Here again Irishmen have had to learn that it is impossible to alter inexorable laws of supply and demand or those laws which induce nations to buy from those which buy from them.

It is claimed by the Government that Eire's economic plan aims only at covering local demands without thinking of exporting. But there seems no doubt that the Eire Government, when it created a tariff wall, helped to shelter not only certain nascent industries which have since justified themselves, but also a percentage of inefficients, who, by exploiting their freedom from competition, have forced Irish cost of living above the level of that in England.

And there will always be those who will say—especially in times like these, when world industry has to endure so many crises of exchanges or of political alarms—that it is a far better "bet" for Eire to buy all her manufactured goods from England and sell her in return more cattle, butter, bacon, eggs or other produce of the land. There is a certain amount to be said on both sides, and I am not taking sides, but it is one of Mr. de Valera's problems.

EIRE'S FIRST PRESIDENT SITS FOR HIS PORTRAIT: Mr. Sean O'Sullivan, the noted Irish painter, at work on his picture of Dr. Hyde. When completed it will be placed on exhibition at the Royal Hibernian Academy, Dublin

Imperialists left in Ireland after the Treaty of 1921 had endowed Sinn Fein with power were doubtless sceptical enough about the future. Under Mr. Cosgrave's wise rule, many of their fears disappeared and on the whole they have now "accepted" the Free State. But one difficulty with which Mr. de Valera has to contend, that of extracting money from Irishmen and attracting it into Irish industry, comes not from opponents open or clandestine of his regime, but arises from a deeply-rooted Irish prejudice in which the "diehard" of the Kildare Street Club and the peasant in his Connemara cottage are at one. It is just an Irish prejudice, hardened perhaps in recent decades through the failure of enterprises started with more political enthusiasm than business acumen, but attributed by strong nationalists to an inferiority complex. Eire is not really poor. Quite astounding fortunes are often accumulated by farmers or by country grocer-publicans who do a "gombeen" business (advancing money or goods to farmers on the security of harvest or stock).

Most of these have a preference (usual in peasant countries) for leaving their money on deposit in the banks or—in British gilt-edged. It is often a herculean task to attract it into

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ACCORDING TO THE RITES OF ZOROASTER: A Parsee bride and bridegroom seated together during the marriage ceremony in a Bombay home. The bouquet obscures the cord which binds their hands and at a later stage of the ceremony is wound completely round them by the priest. After the nuptial benediction each throws upon the other some grains of rice, the more expeditious in doing so being considered to have got a start of the other in the matter of controlling the household

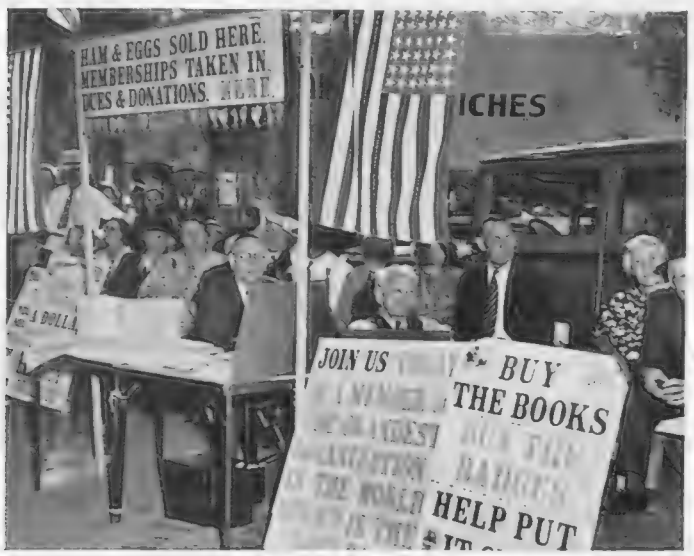
THE CONTEMPLATIVE BRIDE: A young Calcutta Hindu elaborately arrayed for her wedding. She is probably just in her teens

PARSEES WED in BOMBAY

HINDUS WED in CALCUTTA

PLIGHTING THEIR TROTH: The Hindu bridegroom, garlanded and crowned, takes the hand of his young bride during the ritual of the wedding ceremony. *On left*—The bridegroom riding through the streets of Calcutta on the way to the bride's home, his party temporarily holding up the city's traffic

CALIFORNIA GOES PENSION MAD: Two members of the so-called "Ham and Eggs" party holding the dish symbolic of their movement which is said to have 250,000 fully enrolled members on the western seaboard of America. Their aim is to get the State to give all people over fifty pensions of £6 a week, and during the recent election campaign in California a referendum on the plan was actually held; but fortunately for the State exchequer it was easily defeated



"BUY THE BOOKS, BUY THE BADGES, HELP PUT IT OVER": Officials of the Ham and Eggs Pensions Party waiting to enrol members at a recent rally at Sunland, California, where many new disciples enthusiastically forgathered. Members pay 1 cent a day into the party funds. *Below*—ONWARD, PENSION SOLDIERS: A march past of the faithful at Sunland. There isn't a youngster in the ranks

WIDE-EYED AND ECSTATIC: Would-be £6 a week pensioners listening to a speech from their leader, Sherman Bainbridge

FIGHTING FOR £6 A WEEK PENSIONS

Crazy Politics in California

No more menacing factor has emerged in American politics of recent years than that represented by the various parties pledged to bring about giant pension schemes. The Townshend plan was one of the first in the field, and now comes news of the so-called "Ham and Eggs" party which is gaining a tremendous following among the older folk in California who are lured by the tempting bait of £6 a week for life after fifty. In the recent gubernatorial election in California the people were asked to vote on the subject, but wisdom prevailed and the state was saved from a plan that might have meant economic suicide

£1,200,000 INVOLVED: The south bank of the Thames between Waterloo and Charing Cross, showing part of the area that the London County Council is proposing to develop by laying out an elaborate promenade. It is felt in many quarters that the scheme, though excellent, should await the advent of more normal times instead of adding to already onerous rates

The Rising Tide of PUBLIC SPENDING

An Increasingly Disturbing Feature of Britain's National Life

IN an article published in THE SPHERE in September, I drew attention to the rising volume of national and local expenditure and the increase of public debt at a time when our volume of home and overseas trade was falling. Since then the position has become measurably more serious, and the need for economy in public expenditure consequently more urgent. As I pointed out in the earlier article, on the balance of our overseas trade we are a creditor and not a debtor nation. This year has seen a further fall in our actual and so called "invisible" exports, with a consequent rise in our adverse trade balance. Of our "invisible" exports our income from overseas investments continues to fall, and our revenue from tourism has naturally been affected by a succession of crises.

Shipping revenues are an important invisible export. The extent to which they have fallen this year may be estimated from the fact that on October 1 there were 190 British ships of 363,252 net tons laid up, as compared with 53 of 53,309 tons on the same day of 1937, an increase in idle non-revenue producing ships of 358 per cent. in twelve months. On the face of present figures, our actual adverse trade balance this year, after allowing for invisible exports, will be in the neighbourhood of £200,000,000, a very serious and disturbing figure. It is all the more disturbing when considered, as it always should be, in relation to internal expenditure and debt.

By J. BAKER WHITE

For the period April 1 to October 29 the accrued deficit on national revenue over expenditure was £182,000,000, as compared with £115,304,000 in the same period of the previous financial year. While revenue from income tax has risen by some £6,000,000—no less than £265,000,000 still has to be collected before March 30 next to realise the Chancellor's estimate—receipts from estate duties have fallen by over £11,000,000, an indication that the goose is laying fewer and fewer golden eggs, while customs duties and excise have yielded about the same amount. On the other hand, expenditure on the "Supply Services" has risen by over £70,000,000, against an increase in income of about £7,000,000. At the same time, the borrowing and expenditure of local authorities has continued on an undiminished scale, and the burden of local and national debt per head of the population is now well over £205.

There are signs of growing disquiet in several quarters at the increase in the spending and debt of local authorities. Speaking a few weeks ago, Lord Howard de Walden, the chairman of the National Union of Ratepayers' Associations, estimated that the dead-weight debt of local authorities was now £1,000,000,000, and he said: "Rates, taxes and public debts are soaring to new and terrible heights. We have left the expenditure of 1931 far behind. If we were on the verge of bankruptcy then, I do not know how our financial experts would describe our present position. In 1931 we were paying in rates an average of £3 15s. 4d. per head. We are now paying £4 6s. 3d. per head. When we express our willingness to pay more for national defence, we should make it quite clear that we expect to pay less for unnecessary schemes."

During the past six months I have made some detailed examination of the spending plans of a large number of local authorities. Again and again I have been forced to the conclusion that certain local authorities have embarked upon ambitious schemes of non-essential expenditure without first applying the vital test of "Can we afford it?" The City of Birmingham is to spend £560,000 on a new technical college. It will be very nice for the students to have this magnificent new building, but the city's outstanding debt is already £55,700,000, or £54 per head of the population. Sheffield, with a local debt burden of £26,025,000, is to spend £500,000 on a new college of arts and crafts. Glasgow, where the outstanding debt has risen by £15,000,000 in ten years and now stands at over £43 per head of the population, is in the process of spending £120,000 on enlarging the high school, although the population is falling, £70,000 on additions to the public assistance offices, £100,000 on new public baths, and £120,000 on a community centre. If space allowed, one could quote at least half a hundred cases of expenditure that could and should wait for better times.

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WHERE THE RATEPAYERS' MONEY GOES: The vast new technical college at Walthamstow upon which an immense sum has been spent. On a neighbouring site are now rising new municipal offices and this building will also constitute a big drain upon the public purse

THE NAVY AT WORK: Modern Methods of Target Practice

RUNNING THEIR TRIALS: These are three of the new high-speed target-towing motor boats which have been designed by Mr. Hubert Scott-Paine of the British Power Boat Co., Ltd., and which he is building in large quantities at his factory at Hythe, Southampton, for delivery to the War Department. They are intended for towing targets in connection with coastal battery practice. Hitherto, steam tugs of considerable tonnage, and capable of a speed of only 10 knots, have been used for the purpose. These new boats have speeds of well over 30 knots, and are extraordinarily manœuvrable, thus making a more difficult mark for the gunners

FODDER FOR THE GUNS: Releasing a balloon from the cruiser *Sheffield* to serve as a target for the ship's pom-poms. The *Sheffield* belongs to the new Southampton class and is considered to be among the most powerful cruisers in the world. She has no fewer than twelve 6-in. guns

Below—
ONE OF THE NEW MINE-SWEEPERS which was inspected by the King during his visit to the Fleet earlier this year. Electric arc welding has of late been employed for experimental purposes in mine-sweeper production, and if this should be successful it will doubtless be extended to more important classes of British warship. Three submarines built a short while ago in England for a foreign government were entirely welded except in the case of their pressure hulls, which were riveted as a matter of precaution. One of these boats has since submerged to a depth of 350 ft. without showing any sign of structural weakness

THE AERIAL TORPEDO AND

New Naval Camera Studies that Evidence the Importance of These Two Mo

A POTENT WEAPON: A camera impression taken just as an R.A.F. machine dropped a torpedo and winged on, the missile creating an immense splash as it crashed into the water. After sinking some distance through its own weight the torpedo rises and speeds across the surface towards its objective. It is thus much more easy to spot than the submarine type of torpedo

THE SUBMARINE'S GREAT ENEMY

The destroyer *Wessex* steaming away after dropping a depth charge, the explosion from which has sent a cloud of water into the sky. In war time destroyers would co-operate in depth-charge dropping, several of them covering a given area so that they would have a big chance of accounting for their prey

D THE DEPTH CHARGE

Modes of Attack — How the War Planes Carry Their Torpedoes

G AND LITTLE UNITS OF THE HOME FLEET: One of the Fairey Swordfish torpedo-carriers taxiing along the water beside the 42,000-ton battle-cruiser *Hood*. Seaplanes of this type are brought aboard the parent ship by crane

DEADLY CARGO: A machine from the Torpedo Bombing Training School at Gosport flying over a submarine in the Solent; a picture showing the method by which the torpedo is slung. In order to accommodate it the plane's undercarriage is of a specially modified design

A torpedo-carrying plane flying above H.M.S. *Coventry* in the Solent. The aerial torpedo would play a big part in any future naval engagement, and the men on the bridge might be hard put to it to stave off an attack delivered by several machines in conjunction, each launching its torpedo from a different angle

MENACE TO SURFACE SHIPS

1938
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The dependability of DUNLOP Tyres—and the safety they ensure—are accepted universally. So now is the supreme excellence of DUNLOP Weather-wear and Sports-wear in which, again, the protective factor is inseparable from style, distinction and inherent quality. In fact the name DUNLOP is synonymous with safety and protection.

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PORTRAITURE IN LONDON GALLERIES

MISS DIANA WYNYARD . . .

MLLE SONO OSATO . . .

These two fine portraits of stage celebrities are at present on view at the Royal Institute Galleries, 195, Piccadilly, where the annual exhibition of the Royal Society of Portrait Painters opened last week. The picture of Diana Wynyard is the work of Ethel Gabain, R.B.A., R.O.I., wife of the artist John Copley. The semi-stylised picture of Mlle Osato, of the Russian Ballet, is by Oswald Birley, the New Zealand-born painter who has for long been in the first flight of portraitists in this country

A NATIONAL ACQUISITION:

Rembrandt's Saskia

This renowned portrait of Saskia van Uylenborch, whom the artist married in 1634, was recently acquired for the National Gallery, and has just been placed on view there

THE LATE EARL BEATTY:

By Cowan Dobson

An unusual impression of the famous naval leader now on view at the annual exhibition of the Royal Society of Portrait Painters at the Royal Institute Galleries

UP IN ARMS: An inhabitant of Fish Street, in the picturesque Essex village of Goldhanger, standing outside his cottage which is among several that have been condemned. A protest is being made regarding the matter, as it is felt that most of these places are still quite fit for habitation. *Above on right*—Sweeping up the leaves outside an old timbered dwelling at Wickhambreux, Kent

By Lieut.-General Sir George MacMunn

WAR-TIME EVACUATION: A HERCULEAN TASK

A Brief Examination of a Problem of Nightmare Size in the Work of Passive Defence

IN HONOURED RETIREMENT: This is eighty-year-old Mr. J. Pullen, of Woking, who has just been pensioned off by the Iveagh estate after working for seventy-one years. He earned his first money at nine years of age when he received 2s. a week for tending a flock of sheep

SOME faint sense of what the problem of evacuation of cities might portend came to us during the recent crisis. Not only were we told that the Government would take powers from Parliament for compulsory billeting, at the rate of one refugee per room per house, but representatives from borough authorities came round in some cases to ascertain what accommodation was available. Further, by a mistake, more than one borough received a large consignment of ordinary council school infants in convoys of buses without any warning, and had to keep them for days, whereupon, we are informed, billetors' maids in some cases gave notice.

We had the Home Secretary's announcement, over the air during the same period, explaining what was coming, and we were all prepared to play our part in what was obviously going to be a difficult matter. It is a matter that, if it is to be carried through without chaos unimaginable, will require months of patient work by county and borough councils as well as by the new department.

Since the crisis, there has been published, so that all the world can read, for 9d., the report of Sir John Anderson's Committee on the subject. It is a concise epitome of the major problem, after examining and consulting with every kind of public body that could have any knowledge of the matter and its concomitants. It did not, nay it could not, go into the immense detail that must follow on its recommendations.

The main points in that report are (a) That we cannot hold up against the modern war atrocities unless we evacuate a large proportion of the inhabitants of vital cities, and that perhaps 2,000,000 of the working classes of London alone must be removed; (b) That it was perfectly possible to do that if compulsory billeting was made legal, regardless of class, at the rate of one refugee per room of ordinary houses, within 50 miles of London.

They did not even give any hint as to how long the said refugees would be likely to need their billets, or what to do when the billetors demanded to be released from what might easily be an intolerable burden, however great the good will of the people generally. They very properly remarked that it was essential to use all existing civil mechanism, viz., all county and other councils and authorities, and the report added that the proposals did not aim at regimenting the people or making evacuation compulsory, but rather at putting at their disposal all the resources that Government can command.

The problem now is how to translate this outline into a scheme that will work, and which is acceptable. Sir John Anderson's Committee say that it must be arranged at the reception end, by local authorities with a permanent whole time *ad hoc* staff, and that it offers unlimited scope for local welfare activities.

But that is a faint enough description of what is to be done. It is a quartermaster-general's problem of nightmare size, movement, quartering, supply And there will be few of the prompter forms of machinery to help that the Q.M.G. of an army can call on. Movement even of 2,000,000 people is no impossible problem to transport organisations accustomed to cope with Bank Holidays, but the problems of quartering and sustentation are colossal.

The Home Office air broadcast spoke of billetors allowing billetees the use of their kitchens. There spoke unfortunately the voice of one not used to human problems. Maturer thought will show that that is not very practical politics. Another enormous problem is bedding and beds. The billetors will have no adequate supply of either. It is one thing to put half a dozen young soldiers with their blankets and greatcoats into an empty room, but quite another to deal with half a dozen elderly working-class people, old-age pensioners, and the like. It must be remembered that labour and its wife must remain within hail of its work. The Anderson Committee also speaks of "dispersing" the workers who remain, so as to clear any specially dangerous area, and presumably this means billeting on those who remain in safer areas.

The actual people who may be expected as refugees is an important point in studying their reception, and it may be said that they will be almost all the children in council schools, and all the older and pensioned working-class people, and such female workers of clerical and shop employee type as may not be urgently required in the cities. To this may be added those of the lesser intelligentsia as cannot arrange their own evacuation. The mass of the better-to-do will take themselves off by rail, coach, and car to the hotels of the watering-places and the towns of the west.

The categories of preparation may be summarised as follows: (a) Organisation of departure, probably by caravans of coaches promenading areas to be cleared and taking all who wish to the appointed railway station; (b) Organisation of reception at main centres, whence train and road convoys will be dispersed to ultimate destination; (c) Reception at ultimate destination; (d) Sustentation; (e) Welfare; (f) Organisation for prolonged billets. The system

(*Continued on page 356*)

CONTRAST FROM WALES: A MULTI-MILLIONAIRE'S CASTLE BY THE SEA AND A REFUGEE'S MODEST RETREAT

ST. DONAT'S IN THE MARKET: Since 1925 this has been the palatial home of Mr. Randolph Hearst, the United States press magnate, who has frequently entertained there during the summer months and has housed in it some of his greatest art treasures. Now it is to be sold, and the contents are to be dispersed at auction. St. Donat's is magnificently situated on the Glamorganshire coast, not far from Cardiff

WHERE FRAU DOLLFUSS LIVES IN SECLUSION: The house at Llandrindod Wells, South Wales, in which the widow of the martyred Austrian Chancellor has been staying with her children since she fled from Vienna

IN RURAL ENGLAND

NOVEMBER DEFIES WEATHER CONVENTIONS: An artist, taking advantage of the unusual spell of warmth, sketches the autumn tints on Wimbledon Common. Not for ninety years has Britain known such high temperatures at this period, and in the south country violets have been actually blooming

THE HURDLE-MAKER: In the fastnesses of the woods he plies his old-time craft with only a dog to help while away the long hours of work; but somehow he never really tires of his isolation, for even traditionally dull November has its unexpected charms, the rich, glowing tints of the few remaining leaves having a beauty all their own

A BIT OF WORDSWORTH'S COUNTRY FOR THE NATION: Skelwith Farm, near Ambleside, is to be preserved for all time from building and other development. It is a magnificent part of Lakeland, affording fine views of the rugged pinnacles of the fells, and it is good to know that it is to remain completely unspoilt. Every summer walkers go there in their thousands

AN ADDITION TO LONDON'S GREEN BELT: The famous Beech Walk on Lord Avebury's estate, High Elms, Farnborough, Kent, which covers about 1,000 acres and has lately been purchased jointly by the London County Council, the Kent County Council, and the Orpington Urban District Council so that it may be preserved as an open space for the enjoyment of the public. *On left*—The house on the Avebury estate. The first Lord Avebury will always be remembered for his work in bringing about the Bank Holidays and Shop Hours Acts

HOPE BLOSSOMS IN A LAUNDRY:

Isabella (Janine Darcey; second from left) discusses her stage ambitions with the other girls in the laundry where she works. This is one of the early episodes in *Entrée des Artistes*, the French film which opens on December 7 at the Curzon Cinema, Mayfair

INTRODUCTION TO GREASE PAINT:

Isabella (Janine Darcey), who has gained admission to the Paris Conservatoire, where she is taking the dramatic course, is made up by François (Claude Dauphin), who soon falls for her charms. Another moment in the French picture, *Entrée des Artistes*

SUICIDE THAT LOOKED LIKE MURDER:

A dramatic incident in *Entrée des Artistes* when François (Claude Dauphin; centre) is accused of murder, but at first makes no effort to clear himself of the baseless charge

A HOLLYWOOD CAMEO: Director-Author-Producer Tay Garnett talking with Joan Bennett during the making of *Trade Winds*. This is the film for which Mr. Garnett went around the world in his yacht the *Athene* to get authentic backgrounds

On Stage and Screen

MOLIÈRE IN ENGLISH

A Comedy of Situations and Verbal Wit only Faintly Echoed in the Translation: Trivialities of "Gentleman Unknown"

THAT humour changes with the ages is a frequent and sound line of defence for those who plead with reason that the clowns of Shakespeare cannot always have seemed so appallingly unfunny as we find them to-day. This means that, with due respect to genius, we laugh patly and politely at what we are convinced is not in 1938 food for laughter at all, and become, in consequence, hypocrites.

If such hypocritical guffawing was to be heard at the Apollo Theatre the other night what time *The Robust Invalid*, an English version of Molière's *Le Malade Imaginaire*, sped its rather slow length along, it was at least mingled with the genuine article. Molière is nearer to us than Shakespeare, and if Molière in English is almost as tough a proposition as Shakespeare in French, there is much intrinsic humour in the old comedy. Part of this is of the embarrassingly medical kind which has long been out of vogue; it was odd to see *coram populo* the *instrument des apothecaires* which, it seemed, played an important part in fashionable hypochondria when Louis XIV reigned, serving to remind us that it was not only his radiant countenance that the Sun King turned to certain of his subjects. But far more of the play is the genuine comedy which is not for an age but for all time—a comedy of situations as well as of verbal wit, only faintly echoed in the translation.

Argan himself, with his imaginary ailments and his dressing-gown, becomes a bit of a bore only because one sees too much of him and not because Mr. Bruce Winston does not play the historic part for all it is worth—and in the hands of so accomplished a comedian it is worth a great deal. Particularly excellent is Mr. Winston in the shamming-dead episode, when Miss Grizelda Hervey cleverly seized on her big opportunity as the triumphant widow-who-should-have-been. Miss Carole Lynne looked enchanting, and would to me have been more enchanting still had I been able to catch more than about one out of every dozen words she uttered. Miss Doris Hare, a godsend to any revue, here brilliantly struck out in what I fancy must be an entirely new line and made good as the perky soubrette of classical comedy. More classical than anybody, and precisely in the part and in the period, was Mr. Austin Trevor, who has the all-important style for this work and can, one feels, walk the stage as did any frequenter of the Café Procope. Miss Joan Southwood as the little girl threatened with a hiding showed us a very pretty piece of comic trepidation.

Molière in 1938 does not set the theatre in a roar; but he can provide some delicate (and occasionally indelicate) fun. The Apollo production has aimed at speed and not dwelling over-much on the museum-piece aspect, and the result is a very fair success. A modern-clothes *Le Malade Imaginaire* would be an interesting experiment.

Molière in English was preceded by Sacha Guitry in French—a thin trifle entitled *Les Deux Couverts*. This is the sort of thing Sir Seymour Hicks can play consummately well in his native tongue, though it is hardly worth the playing. Mr. Austin Trevor, speaking perfect French, did what he could for it, and played with elegance and charm and with a linguistic facility which few if any other English actors can rival. A better specimen of M. Guitry's many playlets might surely have been chosen.

"Gentleman Unknown."—It is all rather like those little pieces in semi-dramatic form one finds in the pages of *Punch*. In dialogue of irreproachable good form people of irreproachably good breeding with a good private income and a comfortable house in Surrey talk about golf and about trivial whimsicalities. Someone is usually called Cynthia and is asked to pass the marmalade and the thing comes to a rather colourless end, is not illustrated, and has somebody's initials beneath it. The general picture is of women in well-cut tailor-mades who shop at the Army and Navy Stores and never miss the Eton and Harrow match, and of healthy men who smoke pipes in silent strength but who show good sound public-school humour when they do speak and can even be a little precious.

The recipe is followed widely and successfully, the result is considered the very mirror of English family life (nice, clean, and rather rich family life) and makes even the best-intentioned Americans wonder whether after all the English have no sense of humour and turn with a sigh to the *New Yorker*.

If there were sighs in the St. James's Theatre at the first performance of Mr. A. A. Milne's *Gentleman Unknown* there was also some laughter, calls for the author, who did not make a speech, and for Mr. Barry K. Barnes, who did. The play concerns the escapades of a young man, in the person of Mr. Barnes, who is credited with abnormal powers of fascination. He is labelled a gentleman, though that was not necessary, since the author would hardly have wasted all that well-bred chatter over somebody who was not. What is more, he carries about with him an oil-painting of one of his ancestors, which is rather like putting a copy of Debrett in one's suit-case to be on the safe side.

CLOSE HARMONY: Anne Zeigler, green-eyed B.B.C. television and variety star, and Webster Booth, the well-known tenor, who have just been married in London. The couple first met when playing leading parts in the British colour film version of *Faust*

DEATH IN THE OFFING:

The passengers line the deck to watch the approach of the deadly gas fumes launched against them. An episode from the film *Alerte en Mediterranée* at the Berkeley Cinema

ENVELOPED IN DEADLY FUMES:

The doomed liner in the grip of the deadly gas fumes, and (*below*) the women and children being evacuated in the nick of time. Two dramatic moments in the new French film

He comes to the house of an elderly general (who, of course, plays golf) and after a deal of small talk, all of it in impeccably good taste, he makes a runaway match with the general's daughter and, having to get a living somehow, gets a job with a stocking millionaire by trying to sell him some of his own goods, makes love to the millionaire's vampish niece, breaks his contract, nearly breaks his nice wife's heart, and brings the play to an end somehow in a flood of small talk which seemed to me to get smaller and smaller and smaller.

This last scene, though much too long, was the best in that it was the most adult and the least smug. Miss Hilary Eaves showed subtle intelligence as the girl-wife who argued and argued while her heart and her marriage were breaking. Or weren't they? She had a cad and a fake for a partner. Or wasn't he? His only assets at the end of the play were a cheque for a month's salary and the family portrait, supposed to be worth thousands of pounds. Or wasn't it? With every determination to follow the author's whimsicalities and permutations and combinations of motive and mood, I could not decide whether or no the picture and the man were both fakes. That the play is itself something of a fake is not beyond a possibility; though much of it is genuinely dull.

By PHILIP PAGE

Mr. Barnes had a difficult part because an indeterminate one all the time, but since we had to take his fascination for granted, it is a pity he adopted a jaunty, perky, self-confident air which would not have fascinated a moronic schoolgirl. A good performance from Mr. John Turnbull as the far-too-patient stocking-king.

"Traitor's Gate."—I have searched in vain for previous dramatic treatment of that interesting historical figure, Sir Thomas More. Books of reference furnish only *More*, produced some twenty years ago at the Ambassadors' Theatre, which had the advantage of Mlle Delysia and M. Morton in the cast, but had nothing whatever to do with Sir Thomas. A suggestion by a friend that research into the dramas of the period of the Peninsular War might help was well meant, so far as any man who imagines that it was Sir Thomas and not Sir John who was buried at Corunna with his martial cloak around him can mean anything at all.

No, it seems to have been left for Miss Morna Stuart to put our Utopian friend before the footlights, and her play, *Traitor's Gate*, at the Duke of York's, is a result remarkably, indeed, absorbingly, interesting. Whether it has in it any element of popularity remains to be seen. That is certainly not the quality aimed at by the author.

Historical plays, even about Henry VIII (and in this case the King is only referred to and seen but in the form of a villainous oil-painting), are ticklish things even when they deal with quick and exciting action; unless they are masterpieces of poetry only a certain degree of fustian and flamboyance can help them out. *Traitor's Gate* has hardly any action; it is a play of contest of wills and of the development, or, rather, the steadfastness, of a man's conscience. It is not written in poetry or even in near-poetry. So far from there being any fustian or flamboyance in it, the whole style is bare and restrained to the point of austerity. Tudor houses and clothes are picturesque, we know, and great fun can be had with them in the matter of the "Merrie England" stuff—Sir Edward German and all that sort of thing.

But in no play about Henry VIII has there been so little to dance about. The first part takes place in More's house in Chelsea; but it did not seem to be a very merrie spot, particularly since we were informed that the wine was running short. The last part—the very long last act with its three very long scenes—is located in the Tower, with little happening but moaning, prayers, curses, and genuflections.

I have possibly been as merciless in my description of this play as the authoress has been to her audience in the play itself—merciless, that is to say, in that she has given them no entertainment-sop of any sort whatever, beyond a vague, lofty and manifestly non-physical love-interest in the form of the worship given to More by a girl young enough to be his daughter.

The whole work is built round the question of whether More's conscience will allow him to declare the legality of the King's divorce from Katharine of Aragon and the marriage to Anne Boleyn. This could never in any circumstances be material of high dramatic quality, for there is no suspense about it, and we know—at least most of us do, for Corunna-ites seem to abound—what happened. We know that More was as obstinate as a mule or as noble as a saint (you can take your choice), and that he went to his doom in consequence.

Why, then, is this grey, grim, one-toned play a play of power and deep interest? In the first place, because it has that all-important thing, *quality*. It is a play of thought and of the subtle contest of wills and of arguments which are not academic, however little we may care nowadays for the dry-as-dust history which gave rise to them. Thomas Cromwell (superbly played by Mr. Julien Mitchell) takes up at least a third of the drama in attempting to persuade More to sign some document none of us know or care a tinker's cuss about, but every moment of every scene between them is of value. The language they speak is simple, unaffected and not sham-antique; the modernity never jars (I hope I was dreaming when I heard, or seemed to hear, someone talking of "thinking up" something).

Mr. Basil Sydney makes More a noble but not a priggish figure—genial and even joking in the earlier scenes and not too melodramatic towards the end. Miss Margaretta Scott gave the young girl that quality of very human sanctity and beauty which she knows so well how to radiate.

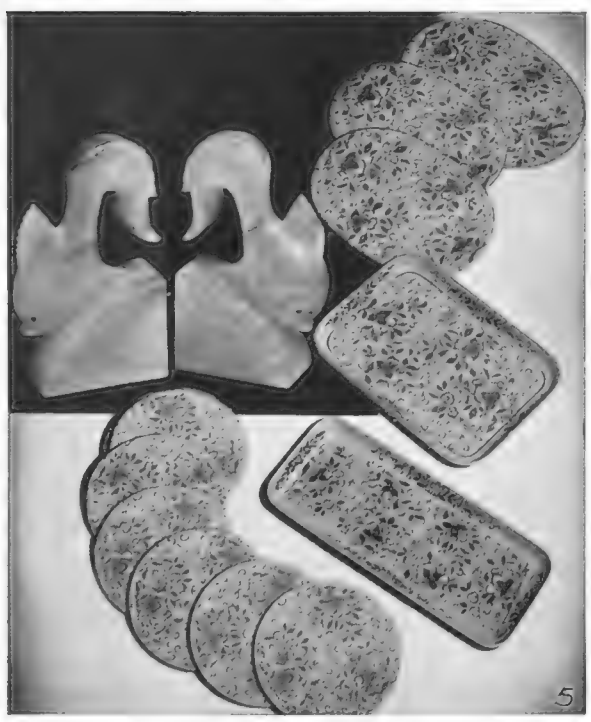
"ALERTE EN MÉDITERRANÉE"

A French War Film with a Peace Theme at the Berkeley Cinema, Mayfair

On right—PASSENGERS ON THE DOOMED SHIP: Madame Vogel, Jean Claude Debully, and Jean d'Yd in *Alerte en Méditerranée*, the French film which opened last week at the Berkeley

CHRISTMAS NOTEBOOK

Some Suggestions—Decorative, Practical, and Enlivening—for Every Member of the Family



SOMETHING FOR EVERYBODY—that is the problem we set out to try to solve. From an endless spate of presents we have chosen things that are new and pleasing, and things that have behind them many years of tradition. There are prices to suit every purse and gifts to suit every taste. **1.** Here are watches, from Him to Her, and from Her to Him. She gives him a gold watch on a wide pigskin strap, its dial black, with gold figures. It costs £12 10s. He sends her either a padlock fob watch in stainless steel and pigskin (price 5 guineas) or a fob watch in stainless steel on leather thongs (price £6 15s.) or a black lacquer and silver purse watch with a slide action operated by one hand. This costs £7, and they all come from Mappin and Webb. **2.** Perfume is always popular, particularly when it comes from Floris, for then it breathes a great tradition. This coffret costs 31s. 6d. and holds face powder, toilet powder, bath essence, and any one of their exquisite perfumes. **3.** All children love occupational toys, which accounts for the perennial fascination of Harbutt's Plasticine—made in sixteen brilliant colours—and their Novlart Stencilling Outfits. They cost little but give many hours of pleasure. **4.** For the house-proud, a cushion of silk rep, satin striped, in mushroom and oyster. Price 26s. 6d. Another in satin with a scroll design in corded quilting. Price 28s. 6d. in good colours. Or a lamp for the mantelpiece, flat-backed, in crackled wood with a hand-painted ship and a crackled vellum shade. This costs 31s. 6d. complete, and its companion, a vase-shaped wooden lamp with carved barbola edges and an imitation vellum shade, can be bought for 27s. 6d. complete. All from Hampton's. **5.** Hand-carved alabaster fish book-ends from Italy, in peachy pink colouring on a green base. And Peach Blossom mats and trays, made of stainless papier mâché, heat-resisting and washable. The mats cost 8s. 11d. a set, i.e., six round, two small oval and one large oval mat. The oblong trays cost 1s. 9d. each. And the book-ends 15s. 9d. From Whiteleys. **6.** Send Player's, in their gay Christmas wrappings, all ready for post. They have something for every smoker. Medium Navy Cut, Bachelor, and Gold Leaf cigarettes, or Whiffs. Pipe lovers will bless you for a tin of "No Name" or Double Ring tobacco. **7.** A decorated Christmas case of "Black and White" and Buchanan's Liqueur whisky is a grand sort of compliment. You can get two, three, six, and twelve-bottle cases from the usual suppliers everywhere.

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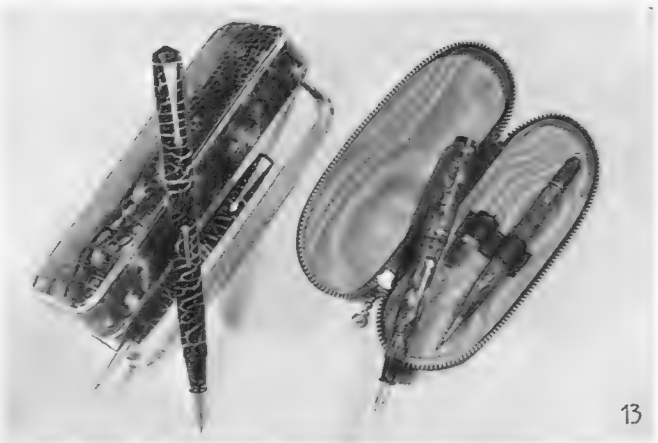
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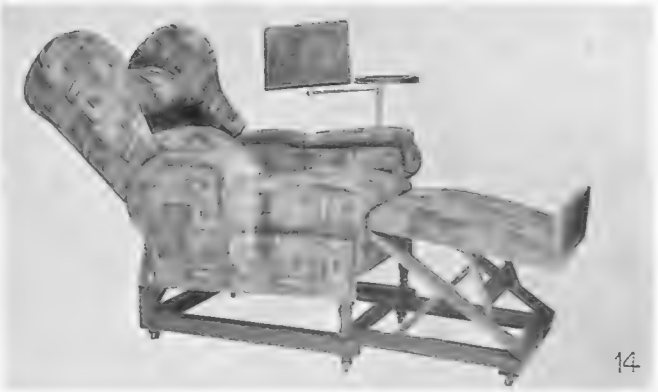
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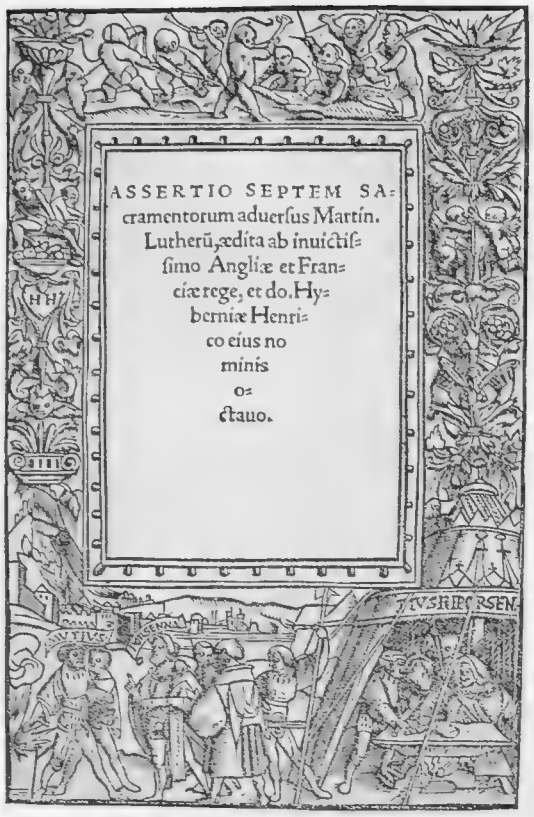
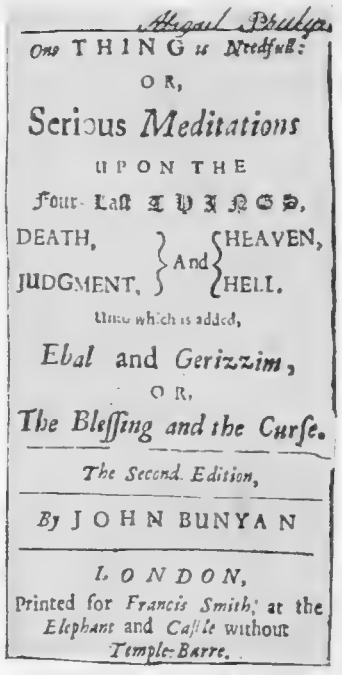
STAY-AT-HOMES and travellers are catered for on this page. **8.** If you have a reputation to live up to as a favourite Aunt or Uncle do not forget the Mackintosh's. A tin of their Double Centre or Quality Street toffees and chocolates is a magnificent bribe, while smaller children adore their Papier-Mâché animals. **9.** Thoughts for a Hostess: a tin of Royal Stuart Shortbread — it costs only 2s. 2d. — or a Stork tin of McVitie and Price's chocolate biscuits, price 2s., with the Roses tin of assorted fancy biscuits, at 2s. 6d., as an alternative. **10.** Gordon's for conviviality. A three-bottle case of Gordon's Gin for 36s., or the Perfect Trio, one bottle each of Gordon's Dry Gin, Orange Gin and Lemon Gin in a 36s. Gift Case, or Shaker Cocktails, 10s. 6d. each, or in a four-bottle case at 42s. — here's an easy way of making a party a success. **11.** For beauty and comfort lovers—a very charming easy chair from Harrods, tapestry covered and upholstered all hair. You can get it for £6 15s. **12.** And for the men of the family, a pewter tankard with an enamelled Squadron crest for 32s. 6d. A silk twill scarf, woven with any colours, for 25s. Silver cuff links, hand-painted and enamelled, for 12s. 6d. Or a silver pencil with an enamelled crest at the top, also for 12s. 6d. Where from? T. M. Lewin's in Panton Street, Haymarket. **13.** For those who write, a Conway Stewart pen and pencil set in black or in one of four colours, price 21s. Or one of their zip-fastened pochettes for ladies, made in charming colours, and priced at 15s. **14.** A real luxury gift is one of Foot's Patent Adjustable Reclining Chairs. The back is adjusted by pressing a button, the sides open outwards, the leg rests can be inclined at various angles, and there is an adjustable head pillow. **15.** Motorists and women travellers will be grateful for a pig-grain leather picnic case for two. Price 45s. For a Work-Write case in crushed leather, brown, blue, or green, with writing materials on one side, and, beneath the blotter, needlework requirements. Price 42s. Or for a hand-grained morocco dressing-case with gilt-metal stream-lined fittings—hair and clothes brushes, screw-topped bottles, and a mirror that takes out and either stands or hangs, all for £6 15s. You will find these at Debenham and Freebody's.



ONCE IN THE POSSESSION OF CRANMER: This is the title page of Henry VIII's *Assertio*, a very rare volume, which is to be sold at Sotheby's on Monday, November 28, together with numerous other valuable printed books and manuscripts. The archbishop's signature appears on this copy


Abigail Bunlyan

One THING is Needful:

OR,

Serious *Meditations*

UPON THE

Four Laſt THINGS,

DEATH, } And {HEAVEN,
JUDGMENT, } {HELL.

Unto which is added,

Ebal and *Gerizzim*,

OR,

The Bleſſing and the Curſe.

The Second Edition,

By JOHN BUNYAN

LONDON,

Printed for *Francis Smith*, at the *Elephant* and *Caſtle* without *Temple-Barre.*

RARE BOOKS in the AUCTION ROOM

On left—
A SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY TREASURE: The title page of the earliest known edition of Bunyan's *One Thing Is Needful*, a book of poems of great rarity. It will be sold on November 30; the third day of Sotheby'sbooksale

A BRILLIANT CARICATURE OF QUEEN ELIZABETH in William Wodwall's *The Acts of Queen Elizabeth Allegorised* (also to be sold at Sotheby's), a manuscript of verses adorned with numerous pen and ink drawings. The leading events of the reign are included, and a big section is devoted to the Armada

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

ENID BAGNOLD'S STORY OF A FORTNIGHT

"The Squire" a Novel of Rare Insight : Margaret Halsey's "With Malice Toward Some" Provides Some Diverting Moments

By VERNON FANE

THE book **THE SQUIRE** (Heinemann. 8s. 6d.) is the story of a phase, the story of a fortnight, and the story of a woman's happiness. It is a book in a million, though it is about the commonest of life's experiences. It is concerned with life itself, not death and its negations, or the bitter problems that face the adult intelligent mind, but life at its most golden, most secret and vital instances. For the squire is a woman, and a woman who is about to have a baby. The course of the story occupies just those few days before the birth, when "half-dazed, half-mystic, she had felt the walls of her life stretch and grow thin, the walls of her home, the village, the gardens, the flowers in the borders flow into each other; had wandered about the house, touching her children, talking to them, released from life, released from time, released from death. She had then no need to be quick before eternity, she could not hurry."

Those days and the birthday itself are the greater part of the book ". . the crisis, the strange day, the strange midnight, the birthday—and here she lay washed up in the sunlight on this side of that arch on her river." After the birth, the period of adjustment, with the nannie taking over from the midwife, the other children crowding in more closely on the mother's life, and the practical needs of a big household waiting for the squire to settle them.

Miss Enid Bagnold writes, about children particularly, with a delicate perception that has, I think, never been bettered. Childhood is not to her a matter for sentimentality, certainly not for patronage or for that text-book efficiency of understanding which leaves the core of a child's heart such an unexplored place. Many people may love children as much as this writer. Few have been to such a degree at one with them and at the same time so brilliantly, almost clairvoyantly, articulate.

In the existence with which Miss Bagnold is here concerned two people are of supreme importance: the midwife, with her brief but absolute authority, and the nannie, who may be the children's first touchstone of discipline and affection. Here is Miss Bagnold on the nannie, on an evening when the midwife has gone to the nursery to tell her that she expects the birth for that night:

"Nurse's happy excitement was flying in her face. All her dreams as a young girl of sixteen, all the scrubbing and washing and running to orders that she had done as a nurserymaid, all the years spent in picking up scraps of knowledge, of working first here and then there, minding the older children, and later on the younger, all had been directed on such a crisis as this. Birth, and the newborn, and her own 'sole charge.' The elder children stood back a pace, pale hedges in a garden, while she dived like a gardener into the mould to tend the new plant . . ."

The midwife of Miss Bagnold's story is a dedicated being, the type that is unacknowledged, but not rare, of the woman who, for the mother and the baby in her charge, would be a crusader, would fight any influence that threatened their peace and safety.

"How seldom I can care for a mother and her baby in the peace I want for my work, away from the household and its surroundings! My clinic would be a palisaded place, far in the country. There the mother should travel beforehand, leaving husband and family with their preoccupations in the world. There, in a camp, like an athlete in training, she should do her work for the newborn out of sight of life. No legends, no nonsense."

The squire's four children — Lucy, Jay, Boniface, and Henry—react variously to the new baby, but chiefly with indifference. That, however, is not as important to the writer's theme as the establishment of their own personalities. Lucy, so close to her mother, loving, introspective, already aware of growth and change and ultimate loss. Jay, charming, absorbed and happy with his own interests. Henry, the four-year-old baby—"his crown was half-way down his back had he known." Boniface, the middle son, in whom "every development and conclusion . . . was unheralded."

"He would not speak; he would not warn. Only now and then, to the squire, his face would light up and his awkward, magnificent words would totter out, pompous, glittering, antique, and biblical. . . . Henry, gay and crisp, lived beside Boniface as on the side of a volcano . . . grinning when he could, but deeply, profoundly respectful—as we are all respectful—towards singleness of purpose, silence, and absence of explanation."

The squire's husband is a Bombay merchant, absent for months at a time about his business. It is in one of these absences that the squire comes to the term of her waiting, and to that "gentle life, with the little untroublesome companion."

The short weeks bounded by the two covers of this book have, quite literally, a glowing infolded life of their own. In terms of writing achievement it can only be assessed with the same sincerity as it inspires. A very lovely thing and a very tender evocation.

What worlds away is Miss Margaret Halsey's **WITH MALICE TOWARD SOME** (Hamish Hamilton. 7s. 6d.) Miss Halsey is the American wife of a young American University lecturer (these distinctions are necessary in view of her subject), who came to England one summer with an exchange professorship.

Their first work was to find a house for the year of their stay, her next to inspect the country which, in an absurdly defensive manner I am inspired to call "our country." The young couple visited such unrepresentative spots as Stratford-on-Avon and Margate, and judged accordingly.

Miss Halsey's criticisms are prompted at times by a slick and genuinely funny wit, but in the main by a kind of uniform acerbity. Stockholm, which they also visited during their first summer, wins her moderate praise. "The feel of Stockholm is humourless, but . . . you grow more and more convinced that *this* is what is meant by civilisation."

Oslo, where the coffee was bad—inevitable fate of travelling Americans—proves a sad introduction to Norway, which they see through a veil of rain. As for England, "English life is seven-eighths below the surface, like an iceberg, and living in England for a year constitutes merely an introduction to an introduction to an introduction to it."

If one were fair-minded, that is to say if one were a Red Indian or an Anglophobe, Miss Halsey's book would be an unmixed joy. As it is, I found it often diverting, sometimes acute, and once or twice really felicitous in phrasing. I particularly liked the author's views on English shoes which, she writes, "look as if they had been made by someone who had often heard shoes described, but had never seen any."

There is one (all-English) anecdote which is worth quoting in full. It deals with a classics scholar, who in turn dealt with a tiresome snob, a Miss Purdy. "Miss Purdy had what, with a little cultivation, would be a one-track mind, and she hammered away at Lord Minturn until there was nothing left of him but shredded pulp.

". . . 40,000 acres," she explained to the table at large, "but one would never know it to see him."

"Did you expect him," asked the scholar mildly, "to have earth under his nails?"

I should have known better, I suppose, than to embark on a novel called **BE A GENT, LITTLE WOMAN, BE A GENT** (Bodley Head. 7s. 6d.). The title prepared me for flippancies, even for the Stevie Smith-and-water which I found. It did not, however, prepare me for a perfectly credible plot and a quality of readableness which should make Miss Eileen Winncroft a cosy little fortune. Or, if that is a distasteful and earth-bound way of regarding a first novel—which should account for a flock of adequately appreciative readers.

Miss Winncroft's heroine is a working journalist, as contrasted with her husband, who is a decorative but work-shy journalist. They are in love with each other, and have a cottage in the country and an

(Continued on page 356)

BOOKS RECEIVED

GEORGE ALLEN & UNWIN.—Moscow Rehearsals. By Norris Houghton. 12s. 6d. Sweden Ancient and Modern. Published by the Swedish Traffic Association. 5s. Latvia. By R. O. G. Urch. 3s. ARTHUR BARKER.—Clyde Valley. By Catherine Gavin. 7s. 6d. Food for the Orchid. By Ilyn Storer. 7s. 6d. She a Fine Lady. By Arnold Edmondson. 8s. 6d. A Flying Fish Whispered. By Elizabeth Garner. 7s. 6d. BATSFORD.—The Old Public Schools of England. By John Rodgers. Illustrated. 7s. 6d. A. & C. BLACK.—Nothing But Dogs. By K. F. Barker. 10s. 6d. BLACKIE.—Cats. By Captain Fergus MacCunn. 1s. 6d. Rabbits, Guinea-Pigs and Mice. By Wellesley Pain. 1s. 6d. A Variety of Pets. By Wellesley Pain. 1s. 6d. Dogs. By Wellesley Pain. 1s. 6d. Looking Round London. By Helen Carstairs. 5s. THE BODLEY HEAD.—David Ffrangçon-Davies. By Marjorie Ffrangçon-Davies. 8s. 6d. CASSELL.—The Sealers. By Peter Tutein. 7s. 6d. The Exquisite Siren: The Romance of Peggy Shippen and Major John André. By E. Irvine Haines. 8s. 6d. CATHOLIC BOOK CLUB.—Thirty Years in the African Wilds. By Father E. Verwimp, S.J. 2s. 6d. Memories of Charles de Foucauld. By Father George Gorree. 2s. 6d. COLLINS.—Bugles Blow No More. By Clifford Dowdey. 8s. 6d. Tuscan Spring. By James Cleugh. 8s. 6d. Salute to Freedom. By Eric Lowe. 10s. 6d. John Gay. By Phoebe Fenwick Gaye. 18s. Robert Loraine. By Winifred Loraine. 10s. 6d. CONSTABLE.—Orange-field. By Elisabeth Kyle. 7s. 6d.

THE VETERAN CARS SHOW THEIR PACES

OLD STAGERS ON PARADE: A Star (vintage 1893), driven by L. Lloyd Jones, and an 1898 Daimler at the rendezvous in Hyde Park last Sunday before the start of the annual endurance trip to Brighton. Just over a hundred cars took part and, wonderful to relate, ninety-three of them finished the course

BOWLING ALONG ON THE BRIGHTON ROAD: A De Dion Bouton, of 1902, with H. G. Adams and C. R. Southall up, and a Gillet Forest of the same age, driven by Captain J. J. C. Allen, crossing Westminster Bridge in the early stages of the test

SPEED MERCHANTS RELAX: Captain George Eyston, holder of the world land speed record, and his fellow racing driver, Charlie Dodson, in a 1903 Mercedes. This was one of three cars owned and entered in the test by the enthusiastic chairman of the Veteran Car Club, Mr. G. J. Allday, of Weybridge

BOER WAR VINTAGES: *Left*—D. W. Jarrett's proudly-named Orient Express, driven by W. Eager, receiving a little assistance on Brixton Hill. *Right*—Mr. F. S. Rowden with his Star dog-cart in which he won the prize in the 1897–1900 section

Over 100 veteran cars, all over thirty-four years old, showed off their paces last Sunday when they bowled merrily from London to the sea in the historic annual endurance test. The run, organised by the R.A.C., takes place every year to celebrate the anniversary of Emancipation Day, 1896. On November 14 of that year the country's leading motorists took part in a processional run from London to Brighton in order to signalise the abolition of the two miles per hour speed limit

LONDON'S YOUTH AT PLAY

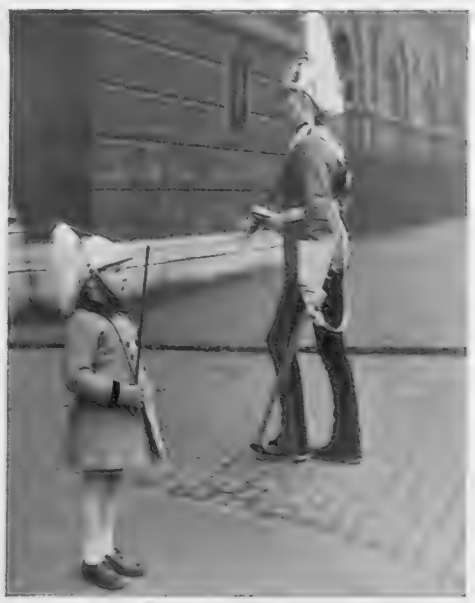
The Camera Roves Through the Parks on a Bright November Morning

IN NURSERY ROW:
Smartly turned-out child riders gathered for their morning exercise and lessons in Hyde Park

WATCH AND WARD:
"Chips" keeps faithfully to his post though he would dearly love to join his young master

THE INTRODUCTION:
John Lonsdale, grandson of Dame Beatrix Lyall, introduces his toy dog to a Scottie

PAVLOVA OF THE PARK:
Two-year-old Geneen Marsner makes a graceful picture as, balancing daintily on one foot, she feeds the swans in the Regent's Park lake. During the recent weeks of mild weather the London parks have been unusually thronged



CHIP OF THE OLD BLOCK:
Michael Lea, son of Captain R. T. Lea, Grenadier Guards, and grandson of General Sir Richard Lea, intends to carry on his family's military tradition. Whenever he passes Knightsbridge Barracks he insists on "helping" the sentry

CONTINUATIONS

view in the bookshop windows. Hardly a Benes! Maybe the kiosks will not for long offer the *Manchester Guardian*. Maybe the "bios" will not indefinitely show all the world's films. Maybe I was seeing the last of this twenty-year-old Prague. But I'm sure it will retain one thing. Its unique *Automats* where you can get all the "butter" you want, no matter if Skoda has to keep going at full pressure simultaneously.

Vienna since the war has always been shoddy and depressing: a broken-down shadow of Maria-Theresa and Käti Schratt. Käti? Francis-Joseph's chère amie, and the old lady (whom I had once for three weeks on my hands in Paris) still hangs on in a flat in the Gloriette Avenue, Schönbrunn. Aged eighty-seven, she was the centre, the toast, of the last of Strauss Vienna, and she was still going strong in the very ultimate eight years of Lehar and Fall, 1906–14. Then died Vienna.

DOWNCAST PRAGUE AND DRAB VIENNA

(*Continued from page 336*)

Hitler and Göring hope to make of it a reconstituted and greater trading capital of a Nazi-beholden Danubia. Schemes are out in all directions, one being for a Greater Vienna that will include a vast port. But just now this former glory of a capital has fallen to the rank and appearance of a provincial city. Its embassies and legations are no more, its foreign correspondents are packing up. I looked up their old haunt, the Louvre Café, and was shrugged at.

On the surface is an obsequiousness to the police that always nauseates me, while underneath you knew were 600,000 recent Socialists, 200,000 Jews, and any number of good Catholics and well-born ones to whom the new regime is—highly distasteful. But if the rising generation doesn't join the movement it will get no job. Even if parents are hostile, it won't.

Vienna conveys suppression. The shadow of Dachau hangs over it. There are 70,000 in concentration camps or detention. Yet everyone heils, twenty to the dozen, outsize swastikas decorate every car, and Hitler's portrait becomes a nightmare. An Austrian, of course, and here is display of native pride in possession of the greatest one-man force since "Boney."

I sauntered down Tabor Street, in the heart of the Jewish quarter, Leopoldstadt, and counted five Jews on the streets in half an hour. They stay in unless they have to dart out for food or on some urgent errand. Many of the shops they once owned are shuttered or "in liquidation." They may not enter any parks or gardens. Foreign Jews carry small national flags in their lapels.

I looked into St. Stephen's, in whose gloom I think stood eight elderly of the faithful. Outside, Cardinal Innitzer's windows stood smashed still. But he made a bloomer, too, "heil Hitlering" last March. There's something about the Austrians that is going to let them in for a deal of pain under their new Austrian master, who steeled himself hard in Germany and the trenches of Flanders through twenty-five years past. Austrians are being stiffened, and the process is no pleasant one. One aspect is that the café lounger, the world's record-holder, who spent hours daily reading the newspapers of Europe, can now only read Nazi prints, while his eternal accompanying Mocca has deteriorated in quality. On the whole, though, Vienna is feeding better than the old Reich, if the celebrated Vienna breakfast has gone Chinese—the egg part. Restaurants, by the way, keep out Jews by divers notices, a popular specimen proclaiming that the owner is pure Aryan.

The liveliest thing in Vienna was an earthquake at 4 a.m., my first, and an upsetting experience, even when slight. I was reading Bruce Lockhart, and wished I had been in one of his Nachtlokalen instead, because there were two further shocks, and the feeling was: what would the next one do?

Not that Vienna's night places are much good any longer, having lost their cosmopolitan snap. The sounds of revelry seemed more spurious than usual. True, the little ladies were allowed to make-up, yet it is problematical how long that will last, for one learnt that beauty parlours and stores are not being allowed to replenish their lipstick, rouge, and what-not stocks. Poor Wienerinnen! Even the once gorgeous pastries of Jerstners and Demels are suffering from cannon priority. The one noticeable Viennese improvement is the clearance (whither?) of beggars who were all-invading, however sad and tragic their cases. The Nazis always take this action, and we might do worse, if only for the sake of appearances!

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

Encouraging news comes from an Old Boy who had his first chance for a sea life in the Training Ship *Arethusa* that he has now obtained his Second Mate's Certificate. This entitles him to the Committee's award of a Sextant, and it is hoped that he will be presented with it on December 14th. It costs over £60 a year to give an *Arethusa* Boy the necessary training for a sea life, and funds are most urgently needed to carry on this work. Will you please send donations to the Headquarters at 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

The World of Books

(*Continued from page 354*)

almost inspired facility for obtaining credit with tradespeople.

As the story unfolds, however, their credit grows uncertain and their love a little querulous. They part, the beautiful young man to a parody of a Swiss sanatorium, his not ill-favoured wife to support two children by her own writing.

Up to this point I was able to keep pace with the author's disposition of her characters. The introduction of the wicked Charles shook me a little, but the clever, difficult doctor was the final blow. It was not that I found it impossible to believe in him. I simply kept wishing that he hadn't happened to the story, and that kind of dislocation, even if it is in the reader's own mind, never does a novel much good.

But perhaps I make too many difficulties and, as I have said, Miss Winncroft's book is no trouble at all to read.

In addition to the books reviewed by Vernon Fane the Editor draws the attention of readers to the following new publications which pressure on space prevents from being treated fully.

Southern Lights, by John Rymill (*Chatto and Windus. 31s. 6d.*): This is the official account of the British Graham Land Expedition of 1934–1937, the first British expedition to winter in the antarctic in the last twenty-five years. The book is magnificently illustrated in gravure, some of the pictures being reminiscent of the work of the late Herbert Ponting.

Our Present Discontents, by W. R. Inge (*Putnam. 7s. 6d.*): Another book of essays on contemporary life by a churchman whose pithy comments have won him recognition from many classes of reader.

Scaffolding in the Sky, by C. H. Reilly (*George Routledge. 12s. 6d.*): An entertaining autobiography by an eminent architect. Part of the book is devoted to the author's life as head of the well-known Liverpool School of Architecture.

Zoo, by Louis Macneice (*Michael Joseph. 10s. 6d.*): A witty and original book on London and other zoos, with many pleasant digressions. Nancy Sharp supplies some delightful pencil sketches.

WAR-TIME EVACUATION

(*Continued from page 348*)

of collection and dispatch of children as arranged during the late crisis, and put into effect by mistake in some instances, was for the children to go to school with a handcase and two days' food, and then go with their teachers, via the nearest Underground station, to a destination which would be communicated, whence they would be dispatched to billets in various towns.

At the reception end the following are the main measures requiring organisation: (a) A list of billets, prepared by census in connection with the rating register, the Central Authority having made the allotment to the area; (b) Reception accommodation, with officials (volunteer ladies as a rule) who receive and allot billeting cards. In the case of adults, despite the remark of the Anderson Committee, some discrimination by class in the allotment should be made as far as possible in the interests of all, so as to send like to like; (c) Reception and guiding staff, with conveyances to billets; (d) Welfare committees with staff of visitors; (e) Feeding arrangements, which is the greatest problem of all.

As regards billets generally, it may be remarked that at the seaside towns the host of lodging-house keepers should be able to provide many thousands of voluntary billets, which will minimise the compulsory taking up of such and simplify the feeding problem. The existence of numerous cheap restaurants will help sustentation. Before discussing this problem, a point that will need consideration will be that of the refugee's finances. Old-age pensioners, those who have small private incomes, allowances from sons, etc., will be in difficulties. The welfare committees will need almoners to inquire into such matters, and some instructions as to prompt payment at their new centres of pension. This is essentially germane to the sustentation problem. Sir John Anderson's Committee recommended that refugees be fed for some unspecified number of days by the State. That helps the matter, and allows local authorities to mobilise and add to restaurants.

The idea that people can crowd round the kitchens in their billets each with their only little bits and pieces to cook, will not bear examination.

It may well be a condition of the billet and its remuneration that the billetors find the first evening meal. The next day restaurants of sorts must be in operation, which will include many extra ones (save at holiday towns), opened with the agency of contractors, and even of local committees themselves in any available rooms. In many cases the refugees cannot afford even the minimum prices, and the meals must be subsidised.

In other cases necessary expenditure has been badly controlled. The Essex County education authorities have recently spent £90,000 on building new schools at Chelmsford. The buildings are magnificent, but the parents of the children have two natural and legitimate grievances. One is that the schools are a long way from the centre of the town; the other that the children have to cross the unrestricted east coast main road to reach them. The education authorities now employ two men night and morning with warning boards to hold up traffic at intervals so that the children may cross the road. The wages of these men are, of course, an additional charge on the ratepayers. Motorists are beginning to complain, with justification, at being held up at frequent intervals on what is supposed to be an unrestricted road.

RISING TIDE OF SPENDING

(*Cont. from page 342*)

In Yorkshire there has been vehement public protest against the proposal of the North Riding County Council to spend at Richmond £30,000 on a new poor law institution a mile away from the existing building; to devote £25,000 to a new high school, although an adequate building already exists, and make another roundabout on the road a quarter of a mile away from one that has only just been completed. At Croydon, where the rate expenditure has risen from £874,000 in 1930-31 to £1,299,000 at the present time, with only a 3 per cent. increase in the population over the same period, the rates per head stand at £4 18s. 11d. It is not surprising that the ratepayers are objecting to proposals to spend £165,000 on a public hall, £250,000 on a technical college, and £100,000 on new borough electricity offices.

Of late there has been some heated discussion arising from a rumour, since proved to be untrue, that the Government was planning to cut the social services to pay for re-armament. It is often forgotten, however, that the capacity of Britain to spend nearly £500,000,000 a year on social services to the benefit of about 90 per cent. of her population depends on the ability of the State to meet the cost, and that ability depends finally on the state of trade and the taxability of the people. In 1933 that great financial expert, the late Sir Bernard Mallet, wrote: "There is no fear that a reaction against expenditure on social services will be carried too far. The fear is rather that they will be imperilled by their cost exceeding the capacity of the State to meet it. The limits of that capacity have been revealed by the crisis of 1931."

What was true of 1931 is all the more true of 1938, for the volume of trade has decreased, the adverse balance has risen, and expenditure and debt have increased. As was pointed out by several speakers at the recent special conference called by the Association of British Chambers of Commerce, a further contraction in our export trade combined with rising expenditure must result quite quickly in a fall in the standard of living and less expenditure on the social services. The ordinary man or woman in the street, the ordinary elector who votes, or more often fails to vote, in local elections, argues on the question of public debt: "Well, why should we worry? None of it is owing to us. We shan't lose anything if it isn't repaid." But are they quite so sure? The small investors of this country, artisans, shopkeepers, black-coated workers have a stake of more than £3,000,000,000 in the national credit, invested in the Post Office Savings Bank, National Savings Certificates, Trustee Savings Banks, building societies and trade unions.

The national credit depends upon the prompt and full payment of public debt, and credit is based upon solvency and trade. The present financial and trading position of Great Britain provides no grounds for complacency. No debtor nation with a heavy adverse trade balance, a huge armament programme, a £1,000,000,000 budget, social services at £480,000,000 a year, and a debt of over £205 per head of population can afford to be spendthrift.

DE VALERA'S CHANGE OF FRONT

(*Continued from page 340*)

Irish enterprises. Just now the Eire Government has had to take measures to bolster up and bring about a fusion of a number of Irish insurance companies which found it hard to compete with their mightier British rivals. And strangers have often remarked that none of the steamship lines serving Eire was Irish-owned. Patriots may grind their teeth, but money still talks—with an "English accent."

The tourist industry, so important that the government has just decided to subvention it, offers another problem. Eire is a lovely country, providing just that contrast for the Britisher who is sated with crises and the somewhat mechanical life and ways of thinking in the great cities, and near enough to be easily reached. For Eire it is the best form of "indirect export," but with currency restrictions applying all over Europe, whence can the tourists come if not from England?

All told, therefore, it seems highly unlikely that any forthcoming gesture or demarche of Mr. de Valera's will lead to any trouble or friction with Downing Street, whether in the matter of Ulster or of any other question, and that if there is any "difference of opinion" it will be of no graver character than might arise with Canada or Australia.

This England . . .

Ludlow from Whitcliffe

THERE is a peaceful feeling of familiarity, of inheritance, that old English places of habitation arouse in the stranger thereto. You do not have to know that Edward IV granted Ludlow to the burgesses for a fee-farm of £24.3.4; that Prince Rupert garrisoned the castle after Naseby, or that Milton's "Comus" was first performed here before the Lord President of Wales. You are aware that the town belongs to your past, or ever the sight of black-timbered buildings has warmed your heart. As of places, so of English things; as the odd curve of the scythe handle has comfort in it, so has your draught of Worthington, brewed for you now as for the men who wrought this England—familiar, friendly, an inheritance of good.

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Delightfully refreshing, and a great favourite with young and old alike, "Presta" Orangina (sparkling orange) is a fruit drink that is proving a tremendous success. "Presta" Sparkling Grape Fruit is another, while the popularity of their Lemonade, Tonic, Ginger Ale, Ginger Beer, and Lemon Squash is so well established that Christmas would be but a shadow of its real self without all of them

No present can give less trouble to the giver than the choice of a really good whisky, and none can pay a higher compliment to the taste of the recipient. To your best friends send a case of Sanderson's Vat 69 Luxury Blend Scotch Whisky. They are specially and very gaily decorated, and they hold two, three, six, or twelve bottles

Any party is bound to be a success if the host has had the foresight to stock his cellar with Gilbey's. Their Spey Royal Whisky, their Crystal Dry Gin, their Bonita Sherry, and their "Odds On" Cocktail are sure-fire aids to conviviality, while a case of their Port is always exceedingly welcome. A bottle of their Invalid Port shows the sort of practical sympathy that is ever ready to translate kindly thoughts into comforting action

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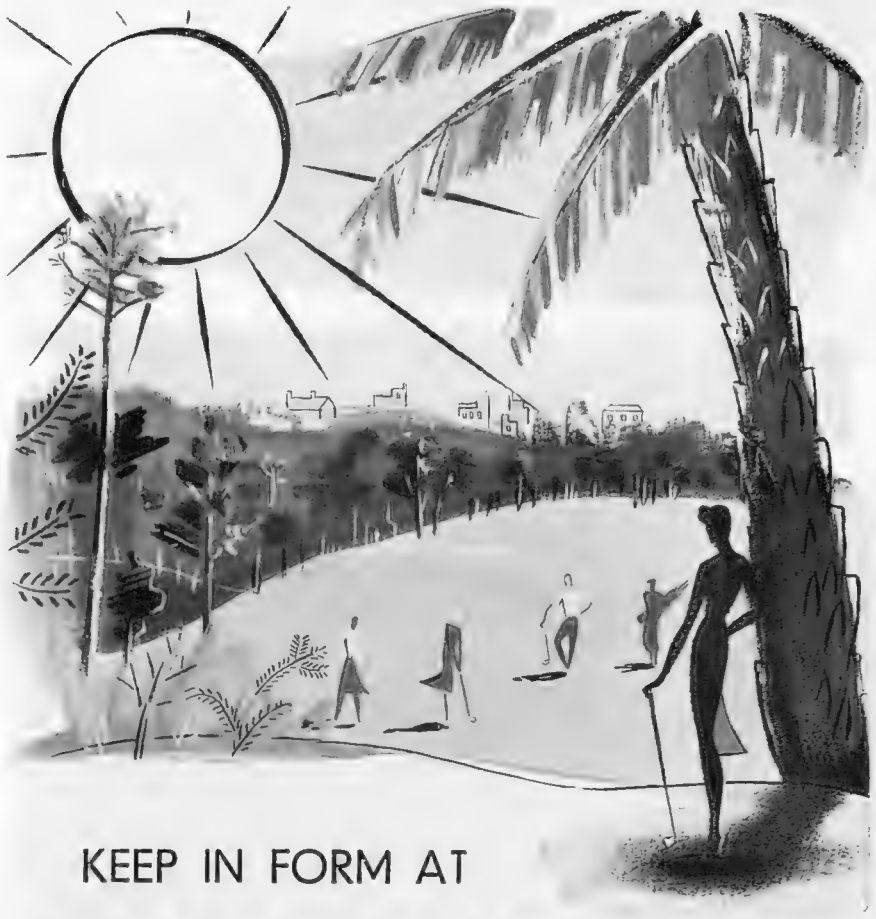

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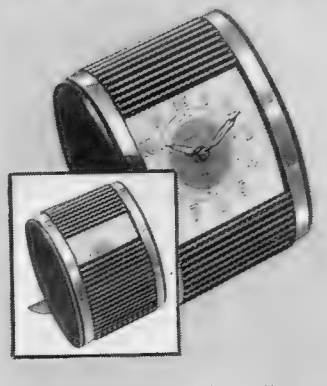

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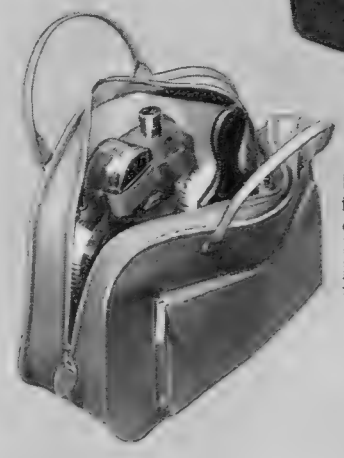

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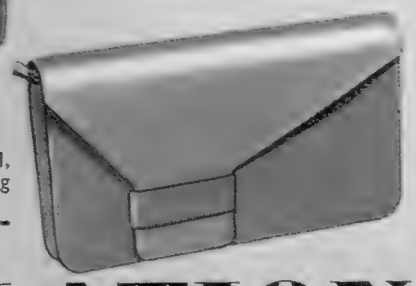

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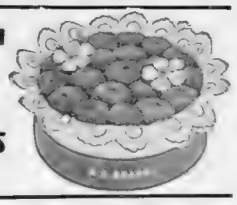

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WHEN ITALY BECKONS

From Autumn to Spring Her Climate Lures the Traveller: Libya, Her Fast Developing, North African Colony, Also an Ideal Spot In which to Spend the Colder Months

IN the Winter Sports Number last week I referred briefly to some of the centres in Italy where the ski enthusiasts may exercise their skill to their hearts' content. Now let us have a look at some of the places basking in winter sunshine, the Italian Riviera, Naples, Sicily and across to the African coast where in ancient Libya a remarkably successful scheme of colonisation is being carried out.

On the Western Riviera there are several most attractive resorts, of which San Remo is probably the best known. It is generally associated with Bordighera, close to the French frontier, and Ospedaletti. They enjoy protection by the high land behind them and have striking records of fine days and hours of sunshine. Their season is from October to May. Farther along is Alassio, with its beach of sand stretching nearly two miles. The temptation to linger here and enlarge on the attractions of these places is strong, but we have far to go.

On the journey to the south it would be well to include Rome to see a sight you have probably not seen before, the Augustan "Ara Pacis." This extremely interesting piece of reconstruction was officially inaugurated by Signor Mussolini only two months ago on the 2,000th birthday of the great Emperor.

Naples is a vastly improved place in these days, yet its old glamour remains, and what amazing scope there is for the traveller along this riviera—Amalfi, Ravello and Sorrento; the islands Capri, Ischia and Procida; Pompeii and Herculaneum, awesome Vesuvius and Solfatara. The list is inexhaustible, and in passing, just one plea: try not to rush it all. Take two or three and do them thoroughly, keeping others for the next time which must surely come.

Now come across from Naples to Sicily, where 1066 had much the same significance as here. The Norman conquest of the island was then about halfway through and it took ten years to complete. For centuries it was the cockpit of the Mediterranean and each invader bequeathed it something of his art.

There is a daily steamer service from Naples to Palermo. The passage occupies about eleven hours, but, if you have little liking for the sea, there is the overland route to Villa San Giovanni in the "toe" of Italy and a short journey across the straits to Messina. It takes considerably longer to get to Palermo that way. Another approach to the island is by steamer to Syracuse. In any case, they are all places you must see in the island. Palermo, as the capital, calls for attention first. It presents a lovely panorama dominated by Monte Pellegrino, nearly 2,000 ft. high, and Goethe said it was "the most beautiful promontory in the world."

Palermo enjoys a delightful climate, and its background is the lovely green Valley Conca d'Oro. The city is rich in historic buildings, works of art, and magnificent gardens. The little Palatine Chapel of the Royal Palace, an example of the most refined work of the Arab, Byzantine, and Sicilian artists at the Court of the Norman Kings, is a famous masterpiece. Times of stress seem to have stimulated the creative power of the Palermitans. That was the case under the Bourbons between 200 and 300 years ago, and the results are there to-day for you to see.

There are excellent steamers from Palermo and Syracuse to Tripoli in Libya, but if you like flying, a lot of time may be saved by using the regular air services, not only on this stage but on other sections of our itinerary. There is no little thrill as the minarets and palm trees of Tripoli come into view, particularly if you are about to set foot in Africa for the first time.

Libya is no small matter to tackle as part of an Italian tour; it is about five times the size of Italy. Relics of past glories are prolific and the achievements of recent years are full of interest. The old Tripoli with its sixteenth-century walls and Punic and Roman antiquities, including the four-fronted Arch of Marcus Aurelius, remains, but close by is the new part more akin to Italian Riviera resorts.

The outstanding scheme of construction is undoubtedly the highway along the coastline of the Mediterranean. It is 1,200 miles long and as wide as an English arterial road. When the connecting link from Solum, on the frontier, to Alexandria is completed a motor run from Morocco to the Nile will be easy.

On one side of the capital lies Homs where there are the magnificent ruins of Leptis Magna, the city of the Emperor Septimus Severus, and, on the other, those of Sabratha, which also goes back 2,500 years and more. Garian, where the bulk of the native population, Berber in origin, still occupy cave dwellings, provides a different interest. It is reached by road—an engineering triumph—over the Gebel Mountains which separate the Tripoli Oasis from the Libyan Desert. In Cirenaica, Bengasi, with its famous Gardens of the Hesperides, and Cyrene, full of antiquarian interest, are the chief centres.

The best time for visiting Libya is from November to May. The coast towns are not too hot in summer but it is not a good time to try inland.

Beverley Brooke

SECRETS OF THE COLOSSEUM: A view of the renowned Roman amphitheatre during the present excavations which have revealed beneath the arena floor a series of subterranean passages, some of which led to the dens where the wild animals were kept. When the excavations are complete a reinforced concrete floor will be built over them, so that the place will retain its familiar appearance

INFORMATION, Advice and free descriptive literature from the Swiss Federal Railways and State Travel Bureau—Mailing Dept. 9—Carlton House, Lower Regent Street, London, S.W.1. (WHitehall 9851), Railway Continental Enquiry Offices, and Travel Agents.

Peaceful Switzerland

THE LOVELIEST HOLIDAY LAND IN EUROPE IS UNDISTURBED

Everything favours a winter sports holiday in Switzerland this year. Your £ buys around 21 francs — no currency restrictions whatsoever. Instruction can be had inexpensively at the Official Swiss Ski Schools which are to be found at all centres. Hotels to suit every pocket and offering at very reasonable rates the finest value in comfort, service and "Gemuetlichkeit," await you. Hurry with your plans. Find out about reduced fares, the direct rail and air services, the comfortable motor coach connections of the Swiss Post Office, the concessions to motorists, and the many other advantages Switzerland offers.

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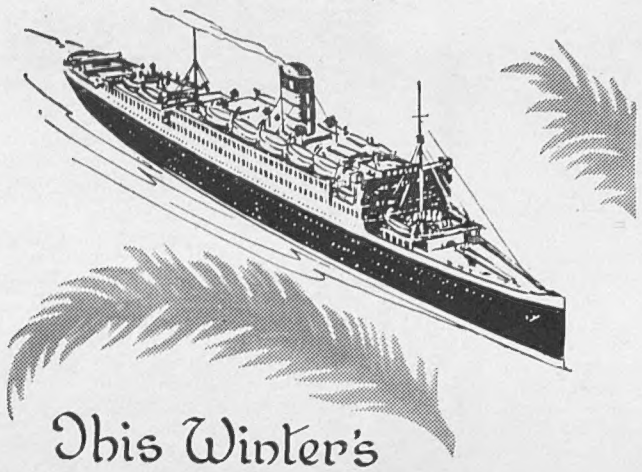

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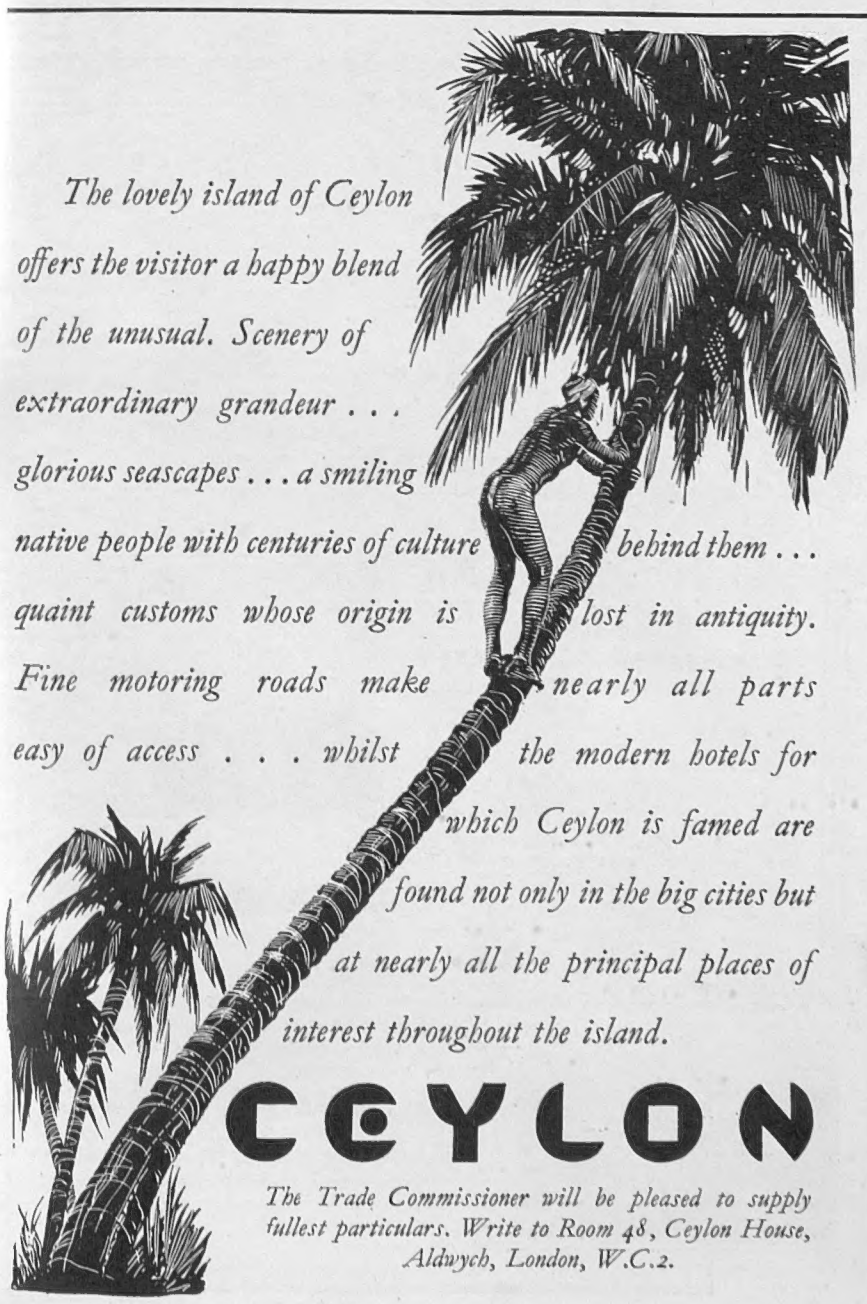

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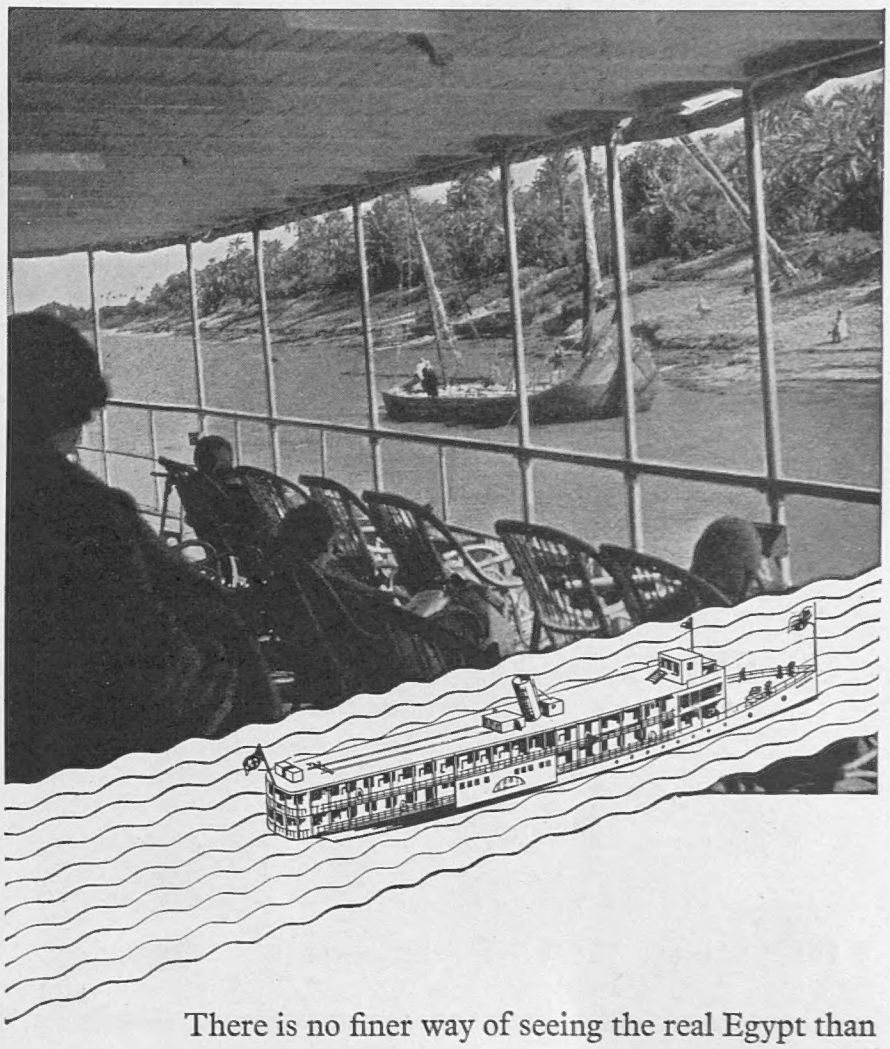

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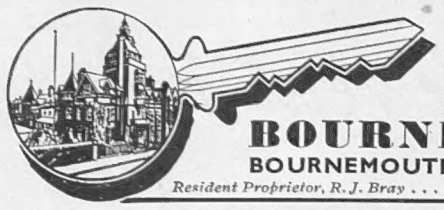

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BOURNE HALL HOTEL

BOURNEMOUTH Telephone : Bournemouth five

Resident Proprietor, R. J. Bray . . . under the same direction as the Riposo Hotel, Bexhill.

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An hotel of charm for a winter of content. A bedroom or suite with a peaceful view and every luxury (and a private bathroom if you wish). The quiet dignity of the lounges, the cuisine and the cellar . . . all bespeak quality.

Parkstone Golf Course is adjacent: five others close by. The entertainments of Bournemouth comfortably within reach, but out of hearing. Canford Cliffs is the resort for winter. Lift. Garage for 40 cars.

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in a lovely country house hotel with sheltered wall garden (3 acres) in the centre of Brighton. The menus—lavish, varied and English. The beds—somniferous . . . the winter terms inclusive from **4** to **5** gns.

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the ideal country base for the man or woman who enjoys Town life. Sleeping in the country, a good breakfast and a quick journey by road or rail make a pleasant beginning to the business of the day. And the end? A book, billiards, or a rubber of bridge.

THE RED HOUSE, LEATHERHEAD

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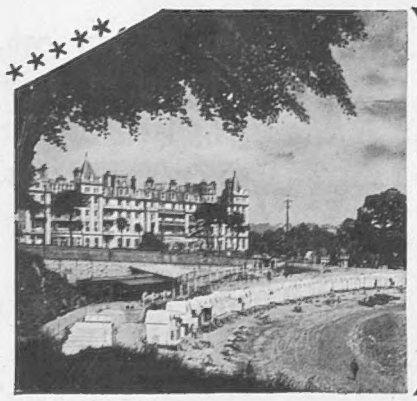

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Our food is prepared by our Grand Panjandrum of a Chef in the tradition of the greatest masters of the Kitchen.

Our terms are all-inclusive and moderate. In winter we have a philanthropic scheme whereby the longer you stay the less you pay! A line to R. Paul, Manager, will bring you full details of a Grand Bargain in Winter residence.

The **GRAND, TORQUAY**

200 rooms and suites, many with private baths. A.A. (five star) and R.A.C. TELEPHONE 2234

We are now rapidly booking up for Christmas.

And this year . . . Grove Hall—A homely hotel with crackling open fires and central heating, run on country house lines in 12½ acres of grounds. A private bathroom to every bedroom . . . food, wine and comfort equally Utopian. 34 miles by road to London . . . and 37 minutes by rail. Golf, a hard tennis court and squash at Sonning. Terms : 4 to 6 guineas a week, no more no less. - - - Write or phone Twyford 166.

GROVE HALL, TWYFORD, Berks.

In Quest of

More Thoughts on Where Folkestone's Fine Record

AS I write this article my intentions are to say no more about Christmas. By the time it appears in print most people will have made their Christmas arrangements and the majority of the better hotels will be full. There will, of course, be exceptions to both these remarks, and SPHERE readers may know that I should be delighted to help them by correspondence up till midnight on December 24 if they so desire.

But now let us think of more permanent things, for more and more people this year are taking long winter holidays or even retire to some seaside or inland resort for the complete winter. Those who are in a position to do this are indeed fortunate, for there are a sufficient number of places in England with a good winter climate and a sufficient number of good hotels which specialise in winter residence to make these lengthy holidays an enjoyable and refreshing experience at a cost which is very little, if anything, more expensive than the regular train of housekeeping.

This week I want to write about a place which, though less well known than some of our South Coast resorts, seems to me eminently suitable for winter residence—Folkestone, so aptly called the "Gateway to England." I am surprised how comparatively few people have ever visited Folkestone, and those who have not would be surprised themselves if they knew what they were missing, for Folkestone is unique. It is to the best of my knowledge unlike any other seaside town in England, and it does not attempt to compete with its fellow-resorts along the South Coast. Folkestone has its own circle of friends, and from these it makes its living quietly and with dignity, offering them peaceful, beautiful surroundings, and a happy atmosphere at all times of the year.

To begin with it is a beautiful town. The Leas are inimitable: with the exception of the Stray at Harrogate I know of nothing quite like them. And indeed, though one place is an inland spa and the other a seaside town, it is not altogether far-fetched to compare Folkestone with Harrogate. Both are essentially towns that are forsworn by the tripper; both have excellent holiday-making facilities and at the same time all the comforts and amenities of permanent residence, such as excellent shops, excellent air, theatres, cinemas and an atmosphere of culture and individuality.

Folkestone, too, is directed by people who are, and have been, fully alive to its possibilities as a resort, and at the same time anxious to see that by catering for the holiday-maker they do not spoil the natural charm of their town. Municipal enterprise in Folkestone in the last few years has an excellent record. It has beautified Folkestone and added to its attractions; in no single case that I know of has it spoiled it.

There are many excellent hotels in Folkestone and here are a few which should be worth while inquiring about for the person who is interested in a really comfortable winter residence.

Princes Hotel.—This is an hotel which I have known for many years now and it has a very special charm of its own. It is situated in a sheltered and very strategic position "in the lee of the

Business . . .

Those who come to London for exhibitions, conferences, meetings, and appointments will find that the Alexandra offers an incomparable situation for saving time and fares. Luxurious comfort and efficient service restore tired brains and weary bodies.

And very economical terms not only lower expenses but set a new standard in value for money.

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140 rooms with running water, central heating, and telephone.
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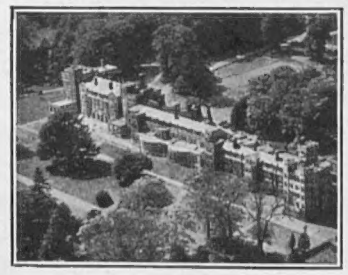
'Phone: SANDERSTEAD 2001.

Half an hour from the City and West End, yet over 500 ft. up on the Surrey Hills.



WINTER TERMS
REDUCTION 20%–25%
No alteration in standard.

Full en pension with free service to station, magnificent solarium, billiards, tennis, dancing, squash rackets, electric gymnasium, all free. Riding. The ideal residence where congenial company and country house atmosphere can always be found. Hot and cold water, telephone and radiator in every room. Numerous suites and rooms with private baths. FREE GOLF ON PRIVATE 18-HOLE COURSE (6,361 yds.) IN OWN PARK OF 230 ACRES

Illustrated brochure free on request.

20 miles from a station, hidden away in one of the loneliest corners of this island, in 400 acres of private grounds and beaches, you will find

LEE ABBEY HOTEL

Nr. LYNTON

ON NORTH DEVON'S WESTERN COAST LINE

The grounds, a natural bird-sanctuary, are a delight to the eye, the private golf course is in perfect condition, the weather is fine and the terms are exceptionally moderate. Why not Winter with us? Write for an illustrated brochure or telephone Lynton 24

Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

to Winter in England : of Municipal Enterprise

Leas" and its watch-word at all times of the year is comfort. You will find no draughty corner at Princes, for central heating here is understood. The lounges are warm—that goes without saying—but so are the bedrooms, the corridors and the bathrooms. It is essentially a quiet hotel where many people make a peaceful residence for the whole year, and they are helped to do this by a series of most attractive private suites at most attractive prices.

But do not suppose that Princes is dull. On the contrary, if you are in search of gaiety you will find its cocktail bar without doubt the gayest place in Folkestone, only it is at one end of the hotel and out of earshot of all the rest, and that is a sign of good and imaginative hotel-keeping. Altogether, a rather special hotel is Princes and one which I can recommend very wholeheartedly.

Majestic Garden Hotel. — Most people who know Folkestone have known for years of the Majestic Hotel. It has become almost as much identified with the town as the Grand and the Royal Pavilion. But the old Majestic has now become, under new directorship and new management, the Majestic Garden Hotel, and it has changed not only in name, for here you will find an hotel which is thoroughly up to the minute in everything.

Bright modern decorations, every comfort which 1938 can demand, slick service, an excellent grill-room, a ballroom, and several bars, each of which is different in character and designed to appeal to your varying moods. The Majestic, too, has suites and flats within its capacious walls and, like the other Folkestone hotels, makes a special point of catering for the requirements of long-term visitors.

Dudley Hotel.—Here is a private hotel of exceptional merit which should solve many a problem for the person who is looking for something rather better than the usual accommodation at rather less than the usual price. I can conscientiously say that I know of no hotel in England which offers better value for money than the Dudley. It is in many ways the ideal private hotel. In those ways in which we wish a hotel to differ from a private house, it differs; you will find, for instance, an electric lift; you will find plenty of lounge accommodation which is attractively furnished and warm; you will find one of the most amiable and efficient staffs to be found anywhere; but in the more important ways I can think of no better compliment to pay it than to say that all its guests seem to treat it like their own home, and the result is an extremely pleasant hotel.

Sheltered from the south-west winds by a single terrace of houses which stands between it and the Leas, it is yet within two minutes' walk of the cliffs' edge. It has, without doubt, an ideal position both as regards accessibility and shelter.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor, THE SPHERE, *32/34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Personal and telephone inquiries, however, cannot be accepted.*

Perfect cuisine

and unostentatious luxury characterise Hans Crescent Hotel, one of the best that London can offer. Facing Harrods and adjacent to Hyde Park. Ideal for long or short visits. Receptions and Private Dance Parties (Sprung Dance Floor) specially catered for. Brochure on request.

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SCOTLAND

EDINBURGH THE ALISON HOTEL
Melville Crescent

Equipped with modern conveniences which make for comfort and prompt service. Centrally situated.

Telephone 31295 *Telegrams: Melcrest, Edinburgh*

THE SPHERE REGISTER OF HOTELS

The majority of these hotels are personally known to our Hotel Correspondent, Mr. Ashley Courtenay, who will be pleased to give further details regarding them to readers who write to him, c/o "The Sphere."

ENGLAND

Abingdon.—Crown and Thistle (Oxford, 6 miles)
Aldeburgh.—Wentworth Hotel. Tel. 312 & 313.
Arundel.—Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 3245.
Barton Mills (Nr. Bury St. Edmunds).—Bull Inn.
Bath.—The Empire.
Bath.—Lansdown Grove Hotel.
Bath.—Pulteney Hotel. Tel. 3281, 3282, 3283.
Bexhill-on-Sea.—Hotel Riposo. Tel. 472.
Bigbury Bay (S. Devon).—Burgh Island Hotel.

ENGLAND—*continued*

Blackpool.—The Metropole.
Blackpool.—The Headlands. A.A. and R.A.C.
Bognor.—"Dalbeattie." Tel. 1492.
Boscombe (Bournemouth).—Chine Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5.
Bournemouth.—Canford Cliffs Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Tollard Royal Hotel.
Bray-on-Thames.—Hinds Head Hotel.
Brighton (Rottingdean).—Tudor Close Hotel.

THE SPHERE REGISTER OF HOTELS—*continued.*

ENGLAND—*continued*

Brighton (Saltdean).—Ocean Hotel.
Brighton.—Sixty Six Hotel. Tel. Hove 1637.
Brockenhurst.—Balmer Lawn Htl., New Forest.
Bromley.—Sundridge Park Hotel.
Bude.—Grenville Hotel. Tel. 15.
Bushey.—Bushey Hall Hotel.
Cambridge.—Blue Boar Hotel. Tel. 3030.
Canterbury.—The County Hotel.
Cheltenham.—Queen's Hotel.
Chipping Campden.—Cotswold House Hotel.
Crowborough.—The Crest Hotel.
Dorchester (Dorset).—Antelope Hotel. Tel. 1.
Dulverton.—Carnarvon Arms.
Dulverton (Som.)—Woodcote Hotel. Tel. 129.
Exeter.—Royal Clarence Hotel.
Exmouth.—Knappe Cross Hotel.
Falmouth.—Greenbank Hotel.
Folkestone.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 2219.
Goring-on-Thames.—The Bull. Tel. Goring 57.
Hailsham (Sussex).—Woodside Hotel. Tel. 57.
Harrogate.—The Cairn Hydro. Tel. 4005.
Harrogate.—Granby Hotel. Tel. 3046.
Harrogate.—Prospect Hotel.**** Tel. 3015.
Hastings.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 201.
Hove.—Dudley Hotel. Completely modernised.
Hythe (Kent).—Seaview Hotel, Seabrook.
Leatherhead.—The Red House Hotel.
Littlehampton.—Southlands Hotel. Tel. 42.
Lyme Regis.—Hotel Alexandra. Tel. 10.
Lynton.—Lee Abbey Hotel.
Malvern.—County Hotel.
Malvern.—Malvern House Hotel. Tel. Malvn. 338
Marlborough (Wilts.).—Ailesbury Arms Hotel.
Manchester.—Bowdon Hydro.
Matlock.—Smedley's Hydro. Tel. 17 (3 lines).
Mere (Wilts.).—Old Ship. Tel. 58.
Newquay.—Headland Hotel. Tel. Newquay 2211.
Ockham.—The Hautboy. Ripley 20.
Oxford.—Mitre Hotel. Tel. 2335 and 3840.
Oxford.—Randolph Hotel. Tel. 2251 (2 lines).
Ramsgate.—The Granville.
Royal Tunbridge Wells.—The Spa Hotel.
Ruan-High-Lanes (S. C'nwall).—Pendower Htl.
St. Mawes.—Pen-e-Glos. Telephone 209.
Salisbury.—Old George Hotel. Tel. 3189.
Sanderstead (Surrey).—Selsdon Park Hotel.
Scarborough.—The Grand. 'Phone: 1053.
Sidmouth.—Royal Glen Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Torbay View Private Hotel.
Southport.—Prince of Wales Hotel.
Southport.—Royal Hotel.
Stow-on-the-Wold.—Talbot Hotel.
Stratford-on-Avon.—The Arden Hotel.
Taunton (Somerset).—Castle Hotel. Tel. 2671.
Thorpeness.—Dolphin Hotel. Tel.: Aldeburgh 302
Torquay.—Grand Hotel.
Torquay.—Palace Hotel. Tel. 2271.
Torquay.—Headland Hotel.
Torquay.—Roslin Hall Hotel. Tel. 4373 (2 lines)
Torquay.—Templestowe Hotel. Tel. 235811.
Torquay.—The Torquay Hydro Hotel. Tel. 2207.
Torquay.—Lincombe Hall.
Torquay.—Palm Court Hotel.
Torquay.—Vernon Court Hotel. Tel. 2676.
Twyford (Berks).—Grove Hall Hotel. Tel. 106.
West Wickham (Kent).—Wickham Court Hotel.
Weybridge.—Oatlands Park Hotel.
Weymouth.—Gloucester Hotel.
Weymouth.—Royal Hotel. Tels. 627 & 628.
Worthing.—Greystoke Private Hotel. Tel. 991.

ENGLAND—*continued*

GREAT NORTH ROAD

(Figures in brackets show mileage from London)

Catterick (229).—Bridge House Hotel.

ENGLISH LAKES

Keswick.—Armathwaite Hall Hotel.
Keswick.—Queen's Hotel.
Keswick.—Borrowdale Hotel. Borrowdale 24.
Keswick.—Royal Oak Hotel.

ISLE OF WIGHT

Shanklin.—Shanklin Towers.

LONDON

Alexandra Hotel, Hyde Park.
Ambassadors Hotel, W.C.1. Tel. Euston 1456.
Bailey's Hotel, Gloucester Road, S.W.7.
Batt's Hotel, Dover Street.
Hans Crescent Hotel, Knightsbridge, S.W.1.
Hotel Washington, Curzon Street.
Kensington Palace Mansions Htl, W.8. Wes. 8121
Leinster Court, Leinster Gardens, W.2.
S. Kensington Htl., Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7.
Thackeray Hotel, opposite the British Museum.
The Goring Hotel, Grosvenor Gardens, S.W.1.
Whiteness Hotel, Queen's Gardens, W.2.

SCOTLAND

Ballater (Deeside).—Cambus O'May Hotel.
Edinburgh.—The Alison Hotel. Tel. 31295.
Edinburgh.—Braid Hills Hotel. Tel. 54748/9.
Edinburgh.—New Carlton Hotel.
Fife.—The Lundin Links Hotel.
Galloway.—Southwick House. Tel. Southwick 7.
Glendevon.—Castle Hotel.
Perth.—Station Hotel.
Pitlochry.—Atholl Palace Hotel.
Stranraer.—Auld King's Arms.
Tomintoul (Banffshire).—Richmond Arms Htl.

CHANNEL ISLANDS

Jersey.—St. Brelade's Bay Hotel

WALES

Abergele.—Kinmel Hall.
Anglesey.—Wern Llanddona. Tel. Beaumaris 77.
Lake Vyrnwy.—Lake Vyrnwy Htl., via Oswestry
Llandrindod Wells.—Pump House Hotel.
Tan-y-bwlch.—Oakley Arms Hotel.

NORTHERN IRELAND

Belfast.—Grand Central Hotel.
Belfast.—Midland Station Hotel (LMS-NCC).
Portrush.—Northern Counties Htl. (LMS-NCC).
Rostrevor.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.

EIRE

Dun Laoghaire (Kingstown).—Ross's Hotel.
Glendalough (Co. Wicklow).—Royal Hotel.
Greenore.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.
Greystones (Co. Wicklow).—Grand Hotel.
Kingstown (Co. Dublin).—Royal Marine Hotel.

CONTINENTAL HOTELS

BELGIUM.

Antwerp.—Grand Hotel de Londres.—Best position in town. Highest service at reasonable rates. Telegrams: Lonhotel, Anvers.

FRANCE.

Beaulieu-s-Mer.—Hotel Victoria.—100 rooms full south, large sunny garden, excellent cooking. Pension from 50 frs.

Cannes.—Hotel des Anglais.—Highest class quiet residential hotel in large park. "Going to Cannes means staying at the Anglais."

Cannes.—Hotel Grande Bretagne.—Sunny park, motor ser., casino, golf links, bridge rm. Pen. terms fm. 12/6 & 15/-, or 4 Gns. & £5 wkly.

Cannes.—Hotel Montfleury.—Large Park Manager: G. Tamme.

French Riviera.—Navirotel.—Le Trayas (Var) Near Cannes' golf. Take a cruise without leaving land. Ask for illustrated booklet with terms.

Monte-Carlo.—Hotel Prince de Galles.—Strictly first-class. Beautiful garden. Magnificent view. Moderate terms.

GERMANY.

Garmisch, Bavarian Winter Sport Centre.—**Golf Hotel, Sonnenbichl.**—Incomparably beautiful situation. 1st-cl. htl. Pens. from Mk. 9.50.

Leipzig.—Hotel Astoria.—The latest and most perfect hotel-building. Select home of international Society and Aristocracy.

Munich.—The new **Hotel Excelsior,** near the Hauptbahnhof. First-class, modern, and quietly placed. Rooms from RM. 3.50 onwards.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Schwarzer Bock.—1st-cl. family hotel. 300 beds. Med. Bath in hotel. Golf. Tennis. Garage. Pension from Mk. 9.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Nassauer Hof.—World-rnd. Finest pos. opp. Park & Opera. Wiesbaden Spr'gs. Pat'd by best Brit. Soc. Pen. fr. 12 Mks.

MADEIRA.

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